

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1919


100, 500, 1000

Chick
8-9
Feb. 1

Reedy's MIRROR

IN THIS ISSUE

NOV 18 1919



The Strike and After

The Ultimate Aim of Old Wage-Minded Labor

The Vatican Choir's Rude Shock

A Startling Hosiery Ad in a Sacred Music Concert Program

John Drinkwater's Lincoln Play

An Englishman's Dramatization of the Ideal American

By the Editor

The China Consortium

How the Banks Are Trying to Hold the Celestial Empire Together

By Silas Bent

The Case of India

A Resume of the Wrongs of the Hindus Under British Rule

By Evelyn Roy

PRICE TEN CENTS
THREE DOLLARS THE YEAR

New Books Received

FANTASTICS by Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.65.

Sketches published in the columns of the *New Orleans Daily Item* in the early eighties. He calls them "My impressions of the strange life of New Orleans, dreams of a tropical city, with a twin idea running through them all—Love and Death." Though some border upon the gruesome, all possess that indefinable charm which characterizes Hearn's writings.

THE HAPPY END by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.75.

Seven short stories—"Lonely Valleys," "The Egyptian Chariot," "The Flower of Spain," "Tol'able David," "Bread," "Rosemary Roselle" and "The Thrush in the Hedge"—written with the two-fold purpose of giving pleasure and providing food, all having a happy ending.

THE TUNNEL by Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.

This is the fourth novel in a series called the "Pilgrimage," each novel being complete and forming a link in the story of *Miriam Henderson's* life. "Pointed Roofs" was the first, "Backwater" the second, "Honeycomb" the third, and a fifth is in preparation. Miss Richardson has quite a vogue in England, among her following being May Sinclair and H. G. Wells. One phase of her style was exemplified in the short sketch "Sunday" published in REEDY'S MIRROR under date of October 16.

DANGER SIGNALS FOR TEACHERS by Dr. A. E. Winship. Chicago: Forbes & Co., \$1.25.

Problems and difficulties of the teacher inside and outside the school considered with a view to aid the teacher's advancement.

THE HEALTH OF THE TEACHER by Dr. William Estabrook Chancellor. Chicago: Forbes & Co., \$1.25.

Written to aid teachers in maintaining their health despite the frequent necessity of ac-

commodating themselves to unhealthy environment.

SQUARE PEGGY by Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.60.

Ten stories of society's younger set—as the blurb announces—"well born, well dressed." They are stories of young love and will be enjoyed by the young. Illustrated.

THE FRANCE I KNOW by Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This gifted Englishwoman spent considerable time in France during the war and is enthusiastically pro-French and sees with the coming of peace and reconstruction a closer unity of the two nations until they shall become in fact one. Illustrated with photographs of famous Frenchmen. Indexed.

THE ANATOMY OF SOCIETY by Gilbert Cannan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The author regards the war as a great holocaust evidently destined to be futile. In an effort to void this he pleads for honesty of thought and conscience. He voices his aim to avoid the ideal theories which largely govern the energies of revolutionaries and to discover what the organization of society is, why it fails, and why it produces the feeling of wrongs and helplessness which result in war and revolution and aggravate injustice. He discourses upon humanity, the social contract, patriarchalism, marriage, women as citizens, science and art, social structure, and democracy.

THE LAND OF FAIR PLAY by Geoffrey Parsons. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25.

The study of civil government made interesting, easy and attractive. The book is not arranged in accord with the regular textbook but aims to picture the ideas underlying the government and the machinery embodying those ideas. Instead of taking the family as the basis of authority and government, the analogy is that of the playground, of youths' games and sports. It inculcates true love of country and a recognition of one's responsibility to it.

THE WORLD OF WONDERFUL REALITY by E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.75.

A sequel to "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," which the author says is written to give to a dream its link with reality while the atmosphere and treatment are the same as the earlier book. In the present book *Jill Dealtry* loves and wishes to marry *John Grey*, the poor poet, but is torn by her sense of duty to her parent who expects her to marry a wealthy old man. It records the struggle in the heart of youth between materialism and idealism.

THE GREAT DESIRE by Alexander Black. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.75.

A philanthropic dreamer wished to ascertain whether man most craves fame, money, liberty or love: this is the story of what he learned about great desires, how he was awakened and then bewildered, and the conclusion which he reached. A readable novel.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY by William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$5.

Mr. Thayer enjoys an enviable reputation as a biographer. Also he was a college mate and lifelong friend of Roosevelt. He sees in him a great man, a hero, a statesman, a martyr to true patriotism, whom coming generations will honor more than did his contemporaries. Illustrated from many photographs. Indexed.

MEMOIRS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION by George V. Lomonosoff. New York: Rand School of Social Science, 7 E. 15th St., 35c.

An interesting and dramatic recital of the March (1917) revolution. The author served the Duma government—the first revolutionary government and preserved in safe keeping the acts of abdication of the czar and Grand Duke Michael when other revolutionists wished to destroy them. Later he acted as purchasing agent of railroad material for Kerensky in this country.

INDIA IN REVOLT by Ed Gammons, published by the Hindustan Gadar Party, 5 Wood St., San Francisco. Sent upon request.

A pamphlet compendium of the utterances of such well known men as Lord Morley, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Rabindranath Tagore on English government in India, a resume of the provisions and the application of the Rowlatt act, and a few facts concerning present conditions in India.

THE CHILDREN'S FAIRYLAND by the Countess D'Aulnoy. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A translation and adaptation from the French, which should please mothers as well as children. In this adaptation, whatever is out of date either in style or sentiment has been eliminated. Illustrated in silhouette by Harriet Mead Olcott.

BURNED BRIDGES by Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.60.

Another version of the eternal triangle, first in the Canadian northwest, then after the war in the golden west. By the author of "North of Fifty-three" and "Big Timber." Illustrated.

BELGIAN FAIRY TALES by William Elliott Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. Modern fairy tales with the scenes laid in Belgium, and the fairies Belgian, and a touch of war now and then.

PLAYS BY JACINTO BENEVENTE translated by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

This is the second series of the Madrileño's plays to be presented to the English speaking peoples by Mr. Underhill. The volume contains a farce in one act "No Smoking;" a modern four-act play of Spanish court life "Princess Bebé;" a three-act comedy called "The Governor's Wife;" and another, which has been immensely popular with the Spaniards, "Autumnal Roses." There is a critical and appreciative introduction by the translator, who explains that in his work his aim has been fidelity, clarity and then dramatic intensity of the dialogue.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS by M. S. C. Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The story of Jeanne d'Arc told in a simple manner to acquaint the young with her history. Numerous and beautiful illustrations.

SHINING FIELDS AND DARK TOWERS by John Bunker. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

A first volume of poems by a contributor to current periodicals.

HER ELEPHANT MAN by Pearl Doles Bell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co., \$1.75.

A romance of the sawdust ring.

PROFILES FROM CHINA by Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.25.

Sketches in free verse of people and things seen in the interior.

THE LAY ANTHONY by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.75.

A small edition of this novel was printed in 1914. It is the story of the heart affairs of a young man with three women, revised and rewritten.

THE BUILDERS by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday Page & Co., \$1.60.

Admirers of Miss Glasgow's work will single out this book for its depiction of the woman who always appears right and is always wrong, the handicap of her husband who always appears wrong and is always right.

THE GREEN PEA PIRATES by Peter B. Kyne. New York: Doubleday Page Co.

The engaging recital of the sundry adventures of the jolly crew of the foundered *Maggie*, a vegetable craft which plied the waters near San Francisco. Illustrated by Gordon Grant.

AT A DOLLAR A YEAR by Robert L. Raymond. Boston: Marshall Jones Co., \$1.50.

Humorous sketches of some of the men who helped the nation through its recent crisis and phases of their work but little suspected by the general public.

WALLED TOWNS by Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Co., \$1.25.

In this book the author indicates his "way out" of the present confusion that has overtaken modern civilization as analyzed in his three preceding volumes: "The Nemesis of Mediocrity," "The Great Thousand Years" and "The Sins of the Fathers." This book, unlike its predecessors, is constructive rather than critical and destructive.

LOVE LETTERS OF BILL TO MABLE by Edward Streeter. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.60.

"Dere Mable," "That's Me All Over, Mable" and the "Same Old Bill, eh Mable!" reproduced in one volume together with the illustrations which added so much to the fun of the letters.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN by Nalbro Bartley. Boston: Small Maynard & Co., \$1.75.

The heroine of this story is the mother of grown children. She was the dear, demure, old fashioned sort of mother so entirely lovable and equally unappreciated by "modern" children, until she decided upon independence and then her modernism surpassed theirs. She became the breadwinner of the family, a social leader, a political power, and in the metamorphosis her family was almost destroyed. But the end of the somewhat long story finds her preeminently the mother again. Published serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* and now in its fourth printing. Illustrated.

REYNARD THE FOX; OR THE GHOST OF HEATH RUN by John Masefield. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.60.

Mr. Masefield here represents in New Poetry the pulsing activity of a whole society at play. In describing a fox hunt he also limns the old chivalry and the undaunted spirit of youth of all ages.



"With pleasure"

This is the symbol of the friendly policy of this bank towards every present or prospective customer.

Capital and Surplus
\$2,500,000.00

Total Resources
\$24,000,000.00

Liberty Bank
of St. Louis

J. L. JOHNSTON,
President

Broadway and Pine

ESTABLISHED 1861

MEMBER
FEDERAL RESERVE
SYSTEM

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 45

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London.....	Anglo-American Exchange 3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich.....	Zeitungs Pavillon am Karplatz
Florence.....	B. Seeber, 20 via Thornabuoni
Venice.....	Zanco, Ascensione
Monte Carlo.....	Veuve Sinet Kloske
Paris.....	Brentano's, 27 Ave. de l'Opera
Rome.....	G. Barberini, Hotel Regina
	Donald Downie, 1 Rue Scribe
Naples.....	E. Prass, 50 Piazza dei Martiri
	Valetti Guiseppe, R. R. Station
Genoa.....	Libererie Riunite
Bologna.....	Malluchio Alberto, R. R. Station

The following European Hotels keep a complete file of REEDY'S MIRROR in their reading rooms:

London.....	Cecil	Paris.....	Grand
Innsbruck.....	Tirol	Naples.....	Grand
Genoa.....	De la Ville	Venice.....	Brittania
Florence.....	Grand	Rome.....	Regina
Monte Carlo.....	Grand		Quirinal
		Vienna.....	Bristol
Munich.....			Bayerischer Hof

WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

CONTENTS

THE STRIKE AND AFTER: By William Marion Reedy	759
REFLECTIONS: The Red Cross Calls—Jarring the Vatican Choir—The School Tax—Get the Treaty Out of the Way—No Escape from Espionage—John Drinkwater, Poet and Playwright—The Underlying Question—The Elections. By William Marion Reedy.....	761
PINS FOR WINGS: By Emanuel Morgan.....	764
THE CHINA CONSORTIUM: By Silas Bent.....	764
A LITERARY LEVIATHAN: By Owen Merryhue....	765
CIRCUMLOCUTIONS: II. The Hills Beyond Pentland. By Horace Flack.....	765
THE CRAZED RANCHER: By Howard Mumford Jones	765
THE CASE OF INDIA: By Evelyn Roy	766
POLITICS: By John Drinkwater.....	768
OPIE REED: By Vincent Starrett	769
FAIRHOPE: By Samuel Danziger	771
A RADICAL'S REACTION	772
MARTS AND MONEY	774
COMING SHOWS	775
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED	758

The Strike and After

By William Marion Reedy

MORE than four hundred thousand union workers in the bituminous coal mines of the country struck work on November 1st in defiance of the President's proclamation condemning the action as illegal, and in defiance too of an injunction restraining all members of the union from every conceivable action in furtherance of the strike. The workers would not wait to hear from the operators unless assured that the operators would concede all their demands. They rejected all compromises put forward by representatives of the government. They ignored a collectively bargained contract with the mine owners that has still six months to run, and they decided further for themselves that they were not bound to continue at work until the official ending of the war. Their action threatens the country with a coal famine just as cold weather comes on, and this, too, when production at best under the agreement with the government and the operators is far from meeting the demand. To the proclamation by the President and the injunction of the Federal court, the miners' leaders reply that the formal outlawing of the action of the workers cannot destroy the workers' right to strike, which is inalienable, as a part of "the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The government replies that the right to strike is not involved; the strike is in violation of a law passed in war-time, which war-time is not yet passed. The government has the best of the technical argument, beyond question, and it is strong too in the further point that the miners' action is an affliction to all the people who will be deprived of coal for heating their homes and for the carrying on of business and the great public utilities. I should say that public opinion is against this strike, and that public opinion more than injunctions and the mobilization of the military will be instrumental in bringing the strike to futility. But the strike is on and the end will be what it will be.

The strike comes as a development of the general industrial situation. It grows out of the threatened railway strike and the steel strike, and those grew out of the inability of even good wages to catch up with the increase in the cost of living. Likewise the labor discontent flamed up as the workers saw and heard of the enormous profits gathered in by some of the great employing corporations. The government in recent years had interposed with employers to secure better pay and better working conditions for vast numbers of employees, and this was thought to presage like intervention in behalf of the miners. The President of the United States had declared in a special message to Congress for "the democratization of industry," and he had announced he would call a conference of representatives of employers, employees and the public to consider and make recommendations upon the general industrial situation. All this before the miners' union had determined upon this strike two months ago. The omens were favorable.

Then came the trainmen's strike in the far west and the government announced that it would use all its resources to keep the trains running. The trainmen went sullenly back to work. Next came the Boston police strike with its possible immediate duplication in other great cities. This was in opposition to the judgment of the officials of the American Federation of Labor. The President of the United States condemned it. The public condemned it, though it is said the strike would never have come to a head if the Boston police authorities had dealt with the situation with intelligent, conciliatory forehandedness. The Boston people broke the Boston police strike. The people of the whole country believe that a policeman's duty is first to the people he is sworn to protect and not to an extraneous labor organization.

Came then the steel strike. The workers in the steel mills sought the Steel Trust head, Judge Gary, to discuss recognition of the unions in the mills. Gary would not see them, not even though the President of the United States suggested it would be advisable for him to do so. Gary would deal only with his own workers, not with outsiders representative of general labor organizations. The strike was called. It was not a heartfelt one. Moreover the syndicalist extravagances of one of its leaders, W. Z. Foster, were exploited to show that he favored sabotage, the perpetual strike, the overthrow of the state and violence generally, and this was used to give color to the statement that the steel strike was not American, but an incipient revolution by Bolshevik foreigners. Add to this the lukewarmness of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor and you see that the movement was weak. It almost collapsed when, later, John Fitzpatrick, who called the strike, admitted that but a comparatively small percentage of the steel workers were organized. He had struck, unprepared. Judge Gary was prepared not only for that strike but to make it a fight to a finish on behalf of the opponents of organized labor. It was the big chance to put unionism out of business for good and all. The press gave the strike a Bolshevik-alien tinge and made Gary a champion of "one hundred per cent Americanism," in spite of the evidence of his own advertisements for workers from the Balkan regions, Italy and elsewhere. Unionism was hanging groggy on the ropes.

Then the Industrial Conference met. It was composed of employers, unionists, farmers, and representatives of the public. First it was divided into groups, to vote as such—a ghastly mistake, in that it kept the conferees apart rather than brought them together. The conference met to confer, to negotiate, to arbitrate, to compromise differences. Mr. Gompers, for labor, proposed to take up the steel strike as a case involving the whole industrial question. Nothing doing, with Judge Gary. He had nothing to arbitrate. He would deal with his own workers, not with outside union leaders. To do the latter would be immoral.

Think of the poor unorganized workers—and all that. The employer group and many of the public group stood with him. Mr. Gompers or someone else proposed a resolution favoring collective bargaining, meaning bargaining with trades unions. None of that for Judge Gary. He favored collective bargaining with his own workers whose jobs he controlled. He would bargain with "kept unions." Again Gary carried the conference on a group vote. With no show for arbitration, and none for collective bargaining, why a conference? thought Mr. Gompers and he walked out at the head of his group. The conference fizzled. Gathered for industrial peace it issued in an industrial war ultimatum.

Pending this the Railroad Brotherhoods were standing by for another increase in pay and for the Plumb plan for socialized control and operation of the railroads by workers and the public, with the owners to be bought out. When the Brotherhoods declared for the Plumb plan, the big press cried out "Soviet!" Mr. Plumb was declared another Lenine and Trotsky, only worse than either or both. The Senate Committee on Railroads brought forth a bill for private ownership of railroads under governmental regulation and financing, with a clause making it a crime for any workers on the railroads to strike. All this was not helping the cause of moderate labor leaders a little bit. It was encouraging those radicals, revolutionists, I. W. W.'s, Bolsheviks and anarchists who were alienating the loyalty of trades unionists to men like Gompers, Morrison, Duncan and Woll, and inducing those unionists to call strikes in opposition to those leaders, in disregard of collectively bargained contracts and in violation of the constitutions and laws of the unions. The un-American element in labor was given every encouragement to make trouble. Gompers, they said, could do nothing for labor in his way, therefore the thing to do was fight in the Bolshevik way. Gompers was lost to labor through colloquing with kings and presidents and marshals of France, and commanders in chief and generalissimos. Gompersian labor was *bourgeois*. Down with it! And reactionary journals were howling "Down with the Plumb plan," and condemning trades unionism as vicious class rule. The Bolsheviks were given aid and comfort by the capitalists. John Fitzpatrick testified that he sprung the steel strike because the Bolsheviks, saying that the unions didn't dare to strike, proposed to call a strike with sabotage and every available form of violence. An admission of weakness, but significant.

The United Mine Workers had declared a strike for November, in September. The Bolsheviks were busy among them too. The I. W. W.'s said that things were breaking badly for the old trades unionism and the miners wouldn't and didn't dare to strike. The miners, in spite of their work during the war, were called Bolsheviks. The operators stood pat on the old contract, but finally came around on the pay demands, a shorter week but not as short as the workers wanted. The Secretary of Labor, Mr. Wilson, took a hand and tried to arbitrate the matter, but failed. The miners would go into another meeting with the operators only if the operators would concede all their demands. At this stage the President outlawed the strike by proclamation, but the strike came none the less on schedule time, even after the issuing of a Federal injunction following the President's proclamation. The miners will make return to the injunction later through able counsel, no less a person than Alton B. Parker, erstwhile Democratic candidate for president of the United States. So the matter stands, with all the

circumstances unfavorable to the miners, with the law against them, with the evidence plain that they would not heed the President, with the proof clear that they disobeyed an order of the Federal court, and with a public in dread of a coalless winter ranged strongly against them.

The presidential proclamation and the injunction have tended to solidify labor. It was divided. Mr. Gompers wasn't strong for the Plumb plan or the police strike or the steel strike or indeed, in the circumstances, for the miners' strike. The Railway Brotherhoods had stood somewhat aloof. So had other great unions. But here was an issue that touched them all to sympathy—the right to strike. The steel strike, almost moribund, took on new life. Brotherhood leaders declared their sympathy with the miners. Unionists everywhere saw unionism in deadly peril, if the right to strike were denied. The injunction acted on them as an urge to recover their solidarity. Their leaders are in session as I write, determining what course they shall pursue. It were folly to say that in the situation there is not the possibility of a general strike. The leaders may not favor it, but the disaffected in the unions, the men who have been striking over their leaders' heads, may force it. The Bolsheviks will hardly fail to see the opportunity, even though they may not be strong enough to seize it for their purposes. The disaffection towards the old leadership is shown in the great printers' strike in New York city, which, by the way, has prevented the publication of some of the most radical periodicals hostile to Gompers and the old unionism, and if there be much more of it, in other unions in the larger cities we may see the moderates joining the strike to save the right to strike and the extremists going in to discredit the moderates who have been negotiated into innocuousness, through their reverence for law.

The government is not bluffed but it is not forcing matters to an extreme. It relies on law rather than on force. The administration does not want any Homesteads or McKeesports, if it can help it, with an election coming on next year, but it may well reckon that the people who don't want to pass a fireless winter are more to be considered even than the forces of organized labor making a stand for the right to strike. The odds are all against the trades unionists. They are sore-stricken at the very height of their power. They have made grievous mistakes for which they are paying dearly. The worst thing about their plight is that they have given the people at large the impression that they are drunken with prosperity and power and class pride, that they claim more than they deserve for their part in winning the war, that they don't care who pays the bill so long as they can get all the traffic will bear. The high price of labor is identified with the high cost of living. Demoralized public services are blamed upon the workers' shirking on the job. The worker gets the pay but he is not willing to work. He is insolent to all the rest of creation. In short it is unfortunate but true that the worker has so affected the public mind that the public believes it to be a case now of "he cares nothing for nobody and nobody cares for him." Public opinion is against him for the time being. And there is only too much readiness to smash unionism on the theory that it derives its inspiration recently from Petrograd, or worse, from German propaganda.

My own opinion is that within the past three weeks unionism has been goaded into strike fever by Garyism. It has no spirit of compromise because it met with none in the In-

dustrial Conference. It has been notified that the big bosses are ready for a fight to a finish and unionism is moved to accept the challenge, as careless of the rights of all the rest of us as is Garyism. Lloyd George said during the English railway strike, "The nation must be master in its own house." Yes; but here the nation must be master not alone of unionism but of Garyism as well. And if the unions exasperate us, how about the plutocrat profiteers? If we are all out to break unionism, we should break Garyism, too.

The government may, and probably will, break the miners' strike. What then?

The labor question remains. It is the biggest question before the world, for it will outlast the question of the effectiveness of a League of Nations. There will be no peace until there is a labor peace.

Everybody not in the ranks of organized labor is saying something like this: "Of course we are in favor of better and the best wages for labor, but when the demands of labor go beyond this, why, then labor must be put back in its place and kept there." Now right here is where the new labor question comes in. The intelligent workers are less and less wage-minded. Their strikes are not alone for better pay, but as one of the miners' leaders said the other day, "for a happier life." The worker has high pay now, higher than ever before in history, and this serves only to enlarge and exalt his ambition above the pay question. He wants to be more than a mere human tool. He can do much politically with the vote. He can bring in the shorter day and better protection from accidents and he can, by obstructive tactics in the shops or mines, compel other ameliorations, but he is not recognized as a full co-operator in the work of production. The employer regards him, and indeed he regards himself, as a separate and hostile interest. He contemplates the present situation with regard to the miners as one in which his chief duty is construed to be obedience, while he has no participation in the direction of business. His labor is a large element in the general scheme of production but he has nothing to say about the general conduct of the scheme. He has his say in the nation, the state, the municipality upon many matters, but none in what comes closer home to him, the carrying on of the business in which he is interested as a servitor.

And all the while, having his eyes open, he sees other things that "give him to think." He reads the papers about capitalization, output, dividends and relates these things one to the other. He has known of vast profits during the war and now, after the war. He is willing to admit that brains, managing ability, organization, scientific development, knowledge of the psychology of trade and such things count for something in the general result, but when he has conceded that much he sees another thing that makes him discontented—the share of the profits that goes to the shareholders remotely connected with the actual production, the part that goes to the mere speculators. Those idle participants in profits get more than their share. What they get thus more must be what is deflected from him. Ownership is overpaid, for what it contributes, in his view of the case. The ownership of the plant extends and expands into ownership of him. The property right in the plant becomes property right in him and his labor.

Perceiving all this, he examines the old-fashioned labor organization and he discovers something else. He sees that the union may get increases of wages from the employers but when it does so the burden is passed on by the employer to the community at large of

which the worker is a large part. The worker gets nothing of mental satisfaction out of his share of production. His will has no share in the direction. All he gets is wages, and man cannot live by bread alone. Out of these observations and reflections by the more intelligent labor leaders have come plans for a more or less complete admission of workers to participation in the direction of industry. That the workers think similarly everywhere is proved by the fact that the suggestion for amelioration in this country, in England and in Germany have much in common. There is our own Plumb plan for railroad control, the Sankey report favoring co-operative ownership of the British mines and the German scheme for socialization of the mining industry. This last set up a Coal Parliament by election, composed, as I gather from an article in the *London Nation*, of twenty-five members each from the workers, officials, consumers and twenty-five nominees of the government, the salaried directors to constitute a sort of cabinet. Here we find provision for participation in direction by the expert, the state officials, the manual laborers and the consumer. The bureaucratic feature inherent in most schemes of nationalization is reduced to a minimum. It is socialization rather than nationalization, in fact.

How about the proprietor as he now exists? The answer by the writer in the *Nation* is this: "The former capitalist will doubtless survive, under the new dispensation, as an appointed manager or an elected director, but he draws from his position only a fixed salary, with a bonus that varies with his success. In return for his old proprietorial rights he receives a fixed interest on share capital converted into State bonds." The application of such plans to basic industries we may well imagine extending sooner or later to public services, textile industries, ship-building and so forth.

And then what? Let us follow the writer in the *Nation* again: "Two general tendencies will probably prevail. First, the individual industrialist, the head of the engineering shop or mill, will step down from autocrat to constitutional king, and advance from command to the much harder and more exacting task of leadership. If he remains the head, he will become the chief of an organized society of co-workers. Secondly, in one way or another, the rewards of organizing or scientific ability will be more and more separated from the tribute levied by the passive capitalist and rent-taker, and this last, if it is not eliminated altogether, may be confined by taxation within narrowing limits. One may concede high rewards measured by results, for the working head of a business. But the passive capital 'sunk,' as the expressive phrase goes, in a mill or a shipyard will have to submit to a limitation of its gains. That, after all, is no new principle. Why else does the income tax discriminate between 'earned' and 'unearned' income?"

Thus at the last we have got to come to the elimination of the rent-taker, for rent, if not restrained or indeed abolished, will eat up socialized industry as it eats up competitive industry. Rent in its protean manifestations will engorge everything. There cannot be socialized production in any degree of effectiveness without the taking of rent by the community for the benefit of the community. Landlordism batters and fattens on its tribute from both employer and worker. It takes for idleness of the proceeds of all forms of effort. It restricts production like any tax, for rent is taxation diverted to individual pockets from the community treasury. It is my belief that if rent were abolished and rental taken in

taxation by the state the socialization of the land—in so far as it might be called socialization—would relieve the world of the necessity of socializing industry by giving true freedom to individual industry, though this is not to say that on a free earth there would not be benefits to be derived from co-operation between workers of all kinds. Co-operation of a voluntary character would be more effective, probably, than co-operation under more or less of governmental compulsion. If the rent-taker is abolished then everybody will come into more power in the nationalized or socialized enterprises, for in all the great industries the land value is the largest element in their capitalization, and the land values belong to everybody. But this is possibly seeing into the problem deeper than the worker sees into it. He is not thinking of everybody, but mostly of himself; being in that respect neither better nor worse than the employer.

In all the civilized countries thought upon this labor question runs along the same lines and the thought does this whether it be thought of the employer or of the employee. The boss and the worker have to pull together for if they don't they will pull civilization to pieces. There is no going back to the conditions of that antiquity which existed before 1914. If whole nations have to work together in war to attain their objectives, they have to do the same thing to attain the better and higher objectives of peace. Capital was helpless in war, without labor. In point of service it has no more claim than labor to any privileges. It may lead through some of its representatives. It cannot much longer command. Certainly it cannot force us back into the old ways any more than it could command the sun to stand still in the heavens. The social movement in all countries is against it. For its recuperation and restoration civilization demands co-operation as opposed to strife between the human factors in production. Judge Gary, of the Steel Trust, will have none of this. He says that the men of brains and money have always ruled and always will. Grant that he is right, and then we face the fact that in this world today the brains are not all on the side of money. Some of the best brains in the world are opposed to the theory and to the practices of Gary and his kind. The brains of Lowes Dickinson, Gilbert Murray, George Bernard Shaw, Woodrow Wilson, are as good as the brains of Elbert H. Gary. Lord Robert Cecil commenting upon the railway strike in England, endorsed the conclusion of the labor leader, Mr. Gosling, that the essential demand of labor was for a rise in status—from employees to partners. "I regard that," said Lord Robert, "as an accurate diagnosis of the disease," and he added, "I accept and welcome it." This from the leader of the new conservatism in Great Britain is an emanation from a brain as good as Gary's, and if brains have ever ruled any country the brains of Cecils have ruled England for nearly four hundred years.

The miners' strike may have been a mistake, as now appears was the strike of the steel workers, but it is only a battle, not a campaign. The strike is for better pay and a shorter week. The campaign is for that "rise in status—from employee to partner." And the campaign will be won, if not now, then later. This earth was given by God to all the children of men. We are all, by nature, partners in the planet, and the best thought of the world agrees that there shall be "no deadheads in the enterprise" of improving if not perfecting civilization. The plans at present before us vaguely and tentatively may not contain the final form of the mechanism by which social and economic confusions and disloca-

tions shall be harmonized and reduced to healthy functioning, but in the end the object of industrial peace will be achieved only by admitting the worker to a share in the management of the business of the world. That is the ultimate of democracy, if democracy be desirable. It must be the hope of everyone that it will come peacefully and not by revolution. It will not be won by strikes on such scales as strikes attain to now, but the strikes will educate all our brains to the point whereat we can see that partnership production and not merely a prolonged armed truce is the way to increase production and improve distribution and admit all to a share in that happier life the workers demand as the sweeter fruit of their toil.

This will be, some day, though we shall have to scrap both trades unionism and Garyism to bring it about.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Red Cross Calls

BY all means, yes, everybody, join the Red Cross! Be a partner in the world. The Red Cross takes care of that helpfulness in various misfortune and calamity which no other organization or institution can provide upon sudden need. The Red Cross is the best form of preparedness for mitigating the consequences of disasters which no social foresight can fend. It is, under the present social system, the noblest form of democratic co-operation for the relief of those who may suffer distress through no fault of their own—through fire and flood and hurricane havoc and famine or other accidents—and it operates also to break the painful force of many failures of imperfect social and governmental adjustment. It is an institution worthy of support by every person through a voluntary tax in furtherance of broad-based human sympathy and love. One should belong to the Red Cross with as much feeling of joy in identification therewith as one feels in belonging to the human race. We all have a sentiment of brotherhood and the Red Cross is the best known, most universally operative instrumentality for giving effectiveness to that sentiment in behalf of those in instant need who cannot help themselves. Join! You have the heart. You can raise the dollar. Chip in and help the Red Cross to double-cross the malignities of Fate!

Jarring the Vatican Choir

That was perfect genius which inspired the insertion of that gorgeous hosiery advertisement on the inside front cover of the program of the concert of the Vatican Choir in this city last week. It was so—well, so egregiously inappropriate in its place and for the occasion. The lady in the picture was lovely and the revelation of her limbs was—luxurious. One full columnar leg was shown from hip to toe, and the other was displayed bent under her in such fashion as to exhibit such a delicious roundness of knee as cannot have failed to impart to the melodiousness of the choristers an otherwise lacking suggestion of the glories of carnal assertiveness characteristic of the Ziegfeld "Follies" or the Winter Garden "Revue." Here was the flesh taking first place over the spirit. The picture was chic; no doubt about that. It was in most effective sympathy with Palestrina's musical setting of the "Song of Songs." The Beloved of that canticle of venerary never had

such exquisitely molded underpinning, or if she had, we may be sure she never made such generous, such profuse ostentation thereof. It could not have been more objectively revelative without disclosing the "heap of wheat surrounded by lilies." Sacred melodies beautifully intoned could not quite distract attention from the hosiery show shouting Hosannah to the unparalleled exemplification of that beauty of the body so seldom unveiled by chariest maid even to the moon. The perfectly synchronized male voices could not drown the vision of that female insolence of allurements on the inside front cover. The Frenchness of the exposure was quite disconcerting to anyone who attended the concert with the faintest purpose of devotional response to the choristers. The clergy and the pious ladies who attended the affair must have been much edified by the captivating concupiscencicality of the advertisement. The work of art must have been of terrific effect upon the patrons and patronesses of the concert, especially in view of the fact that Pope Benedict has but recently published in the Catholic press and had read in the Catholic churches a document in which he condemned, as provoking to evil, certain exaggerations of style now in fashion. His Holiness is "filled with surprise and consternation to observe that those who spread this poison appear ignorant of their evil action, as those who set fire to a house seem to ignore the destructive force of fire." He "can only suppose that ignorance alone explains the deplored extension of such fashions, so contrary to modesty, which should be the most beautiful ornament of the Christian woman." He praised the Italian Women's Union for its projected campaign against immodest clothes and he exhorted Christian women to follow the example and boycott all women who refuse to modify the present fashions in short skirts, bare arms and extremely low necks. "Every lady," he said, "no matter how high her social position, is in duty bound not to receive visits from friends whose indecent exaggeration of dress offends modesty." This from the Vatican. And that lady with the lubricious legs disclosed in all their graceful plumpness and bewitching taper, perched on a table as the frontispiece to the program of the Vatican Choir. The way those limbs fell out of the purled volutions of her gathered-up skirts and *lingerie* was worthy of the best effort of those Parisian artists who provide illustrations for the yellow backed *conte* so popular in the City of Light. There was an exquisite finesse in the artistry of its appeal to the erotic. It was saucily blasphemous in the effrontery of its prominence in the program. If the management of the Vatican Choir keeps a collection of its programs as souvenirs of its American tour, I can imagine the "surprise and consternation" with which that record of the visit to St. Louis will be perused at the Vatican. The hosiery advertisement as an illumination of a program for a sacred concert by a male choir of reputed sacerdotal asceticism was not so much a presentation of the merits of the hose. No indeed: it was a glorious apotheosis of the feminine form revealed with most suggestive emphasis upon the lure of the flesh. It lit a fire which no thought of the hose advertised could put out. Indeed, the hose added fuel to the flame, making the covering more salacious than nudity. It was supremely the thing for an advertisement in the program of the burlesque circuit, daintifying the unconcealment that is so prominent a feature in the olio that flowers in the *danse du ven-*

tre or the shimmy. But it must have been very dangerously sense-distracting to the Vatican choristers and to those religious persons who assembled to hear their vocalizations hallowed by the evocations of association with the services in the most famous church of Christendom. The program should be highly valued in future by collectors of iconographic curiosa. The hosiery advertisement therein will be found in future in the same portfolio with the illustrated *edito princeps*, privately printed, of Aubrey Beardsley's *tour de force*, "Under the Hill"—a queer place for a program of the Vatican Choir. The ad-man who "put it over" accomplished a most effective achievement in publicity—for the Adversary.

✱✱

The School Tax

ST. LOUISANS should vote for the proposed additional school tax on the eleventh of this month. The money is needed that we may pay a living wage to the city's school teachers. We are losing the best teachers because they can get better pay in other lines of effort. Cheap teachers mean education on the cheap. The tax after all is not for the benefit of the teachers so much as for the benefit of the pupils. In education our children are entitled to the very best. They can get it only through the assistance of the very best teachers and at present there is working a sort of Gresham's law which drives away the good and keeps the bad teacher. This city has the finest schools, architecturally, in the world. Housing poor teachers and badly educated children, those schools, for all their beauty and spaciousness, are but whited sepulchers. We must build good citizens in those handsome school houses. We must realize that the best citizen-builders—the teachers—are worthy of their hire. The little that will be added to the tax bill of each of us will be as nothing compared with the taxes of which we shall be relieved through better education. Upon no other tax than one for education do we realize such a splendid return in service. And no public servants are deserving of better pay than the teachers who impart that education. There ought not to be a single vote in all this city against the new school tax proposal.

✱✱

Get the Treaty Out of the Way

THE Senate is now simply jockeying with the peace treaty and the League of Nations. To popular impatience is being added popular disgust over such tactics. All amendments have been defeated and now the elder statesmen dawdle and gabble over reservations. No reservation equivalent to amendment can be passed. There are some reservations that can be passed and should be passed. The Senate well knows by this time which they are. Pass them then. Anything added to the treaty that will reopen the old war sore would be a crime. We should do nothing to exasperate and humiliate our associates in the war by inferentially expressing our doubt of their good faith. The United States must not take such a holier-than-thou attitude that it will find itself potentially an Ishmael among the nations. The United States of America against the world is no reasonable attitude now, when the world can only be rehabilitated and restored by co-operation. If the other nations need our help, we need their's at least to the extent that we would profit more by cordial understandings with them than we can by an attitude of aloofness towards them. It would be criminal folly to bar ourselves from participation in the improvement of the treaty and the League.

Our duty is to make both better, rather than to destroy them. They will be destroyed if anything is tagged on them that the President cannot accept, because it is he who must ratify the treaty. Find out what he will or can accept, adopt it and have done. The treaty's hanging fire disturbs our business and our own social peace. It delays the putting of our own house in order. The treaty will not bring in the millennium. There are grave wrongs to little peoples that it fails to right. But it provides for a postponement that amounts to practical prevention of war. And it is a beginning for the work of redressing those wrongs of oppressed nationalities. If these cannot be redressed in the League they cannot be redressed out of it. Ratify the League and let us keep on clamoring for the justice for the little people which the instrument ignores until opinion shall bend the leagued powers to the will of the lovers of liberty. The Senate now is only making sick the heart of the subject nationalities by deferring hope, and making sick too the heart of our own people by refusing to try a remedy for ancient ills that represents the best that the world's statesmen empiricists could prescribe in the face of vast complications. The Senate is playing politics while the world either starves or shudders on the brink of revolution. The Senate gives us nothing constructive, nothing but fault-finding. We know the treaty is not perfect, but let us try it for lack of prospect of anything better. The Senate should hurry up and adopt those reservations which will least obstruct the getting of the League into being. How can we know the League machine won't go until we try to start it? The Senate should get the treaty out of the way of the work that waits to be done abroad and at home. There may be war in the treaty: there certainly is more likelihood of war without it, and civil war, at that, in many lands. The people want action. The Senate must act—"and with God be the rest."

✱✱

No Escape from Espionage

PROHIBITION gives us something else to make us hate it. Because of it, a Senate committee finds the espionage laws cannot be repealed. Those laws are the very antithesis of liberty. They poison life with their meddling in private affairs. They breed suspicion and hatred. They are not called for in peace, however they may have been a necessary evil concomitant of war, but the prohibition statute says that prohibition is to be enforced by the machinery of the espionage laws. Because of prohibition we are not to have restored the erstwhile suppressed rights of free press and free speech. Opinion is to be bound and gagged. We are to live in a reign of spies and raids. We shall have a standing army of secret service agents against whose actions we shall have no recourse more than we had during the war against seizures by the Department of Justice. Of course we cannot have effective prohibition without espionage, but whatever vague good there may be in the abolition of the liquor traffic will not be compensation for the multitudinous annoyances and iniquities of an espionage system that will be a sort of inscrutable Terror, paralyzing freedom through fear and force. Prohibition will perpetuate the worst domestic evil of war conditions. Functioning under the urge of fanatics it will fructify in pernicious persecution of all persons who may be made suspect by no more overt act than the wearing of a smile in a world dominated by sourdoughs.

John Drinkwater, Poet and Playwright

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER is a true poet, as revealed in his "Poems, 1910-1919," with a lyric gift often reminiscent, as is so much of the poetry of today, of "A Shropshire Lad," with somewhat too of the sense of the grey, rather than the red, tragic in humble lives, of "Spoon River Anthology." His is a pretty music and at times it rises to beauty in its lucidity—and "lucidity" is a pet word of Mr. Drinkwater's. It occurs in each of the first four or five poems in his book. He sings the worker and the dreamer, too, and always the lover, or staid or lawless, and the high adventure in life or in thought, in which he would have us "sack the cities of the sun and spend our booty in a song." He is all for those who "storm the secret beauty of the world." He would have holiness take hands with laughter, and the days filled with both building and reverie. For the rest, there was *Anthony Crundle*, who played the piccolo to his wife of an evening, prospering with sickle and scythe, with cattle afield and laboring ewe:

The earth to till, and a tune to play,
And Susan, for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day.
May providence do no worse by me,
Anthony Crundle R. I. P.

Mr. Drinkwater sings what seems to me to be a peculiarly English world, it has such tranquilly beautiful landscapes under a clear olden light, though there be passion in the women and men, and heroism, too. But Mr. Drinkwater is seldom what one would call dramatic: in fact he inclines a little to the didactic, though never laboriously. His verse is clean and wholesome and if he touches a wee bit dirt he does so cleanly, frankly, without being fascinated by it, and he turns it to the best of uses in heartening and happying the reader. His poetry is what poetry seldom is—it is satisfying.

But Mr. Drinkwater, playwright, is hardly satisfying—at least not in his play "Abraham Lincoln." This drama has been a fine success in England. I doubt if it will be, here. In the first place Mr. Drinkwater writes of things American in blissful ignorance of the American idiom. His common folk talk the language of the British lower middle class, his *General Grant* talks the speech of a British guardsman, and a colonel of our army in 1863 wears a bell sleeve and carries his handkerchief in it. The darky dialect is something fearsome to contemplate. All of which is perhaps no more out of key than the talk of the Danish soldiers on the ramparts of Elsinore in Shakespearean English, but it will be provocative of derision from American audiences. Mr. Drinkwater's *Lincoln* is, as I read him, shadowy. Perhaps a good actor can give him substance, but as he is written he lacks that common humanity which he glorified by possession of its common quality in uncommon degree. *Lincoln* in the play has some of the grandeur of the original in its subtle simplicity, but it is paled down in its lack of the colloquial freedom of Lincoln's ordinary expression. Lincoln, as Mr. Drinkwater portrays him, is too literary. He talks too frequently the language of his set addresses and state papers. Thus much of effectiveness is lost in the incident of his reading a humorous skit by Artemus Ward at the cabinet meeting before presenting the emancipation proclamation. The scene is hardly as fine, one feels,

as it might have been made by an American with a closer knowledge of Lincoln's homeliness—using the word in its original significance. The stuff seems remote and stilted at all times, because of the alien tone of the language. But this aside, the drama is there, and one thing dramatic in it, that no American would have dared, is the characterization of *Mrs. Lincoln* as a somewhat shrewish *Mrs. Nickleby*. There is skill in the presentation of *Seward* and of *Stanton*, especially the former, who thought himself so much wiser than his chief. Mr. Drinkwater is bold in introducing into the Cabinet a sinister figure who has no warrant in history. When *Lincoln* comes upon *Seward* in consultation with Southern emissaries for a compromise of the war there is a scene of exalted intellectual dramatics in which Lincoln towers superbly in clear vision and moral grandeur. We have a pardon scene showing Lincoln's great goodness of heart and we get a splendid swift foreshortening of the history of Appomattox, with *Grant* and *Lee*, two shining ones of the spiritual elect. And then the end at Ford's Theater, and *Stanton's* words, "Now he belongs to the ages." The drama in its larger outlines and as a whole is impressive even though it may be for Americans too legendary as distinct from what they think is reality, though that supposed reality may be legendary too. Whatever defects there may be, *Lincoln's* gentleness is all there and that easy dignity which he had despite the fact that he was once called the baboon. His keenness of mind, his insight into men, his quality of consecration and predestinate power, even while he was working in the base material of events, his vision, which become Isaiah-like in the second inaugural and the Gettysburg address, his sorrowfulness under a world-burden which demanded the relief of humor which was but a form of wisdom—all this somehow we get from Mr. Drinkwater's presentation, in spite of the anachronisms in its setting. The tragedy is real tragedy without faintest touch of the tawdry. The drama is well sustained but there is unfortunately too much that will tempt American audiences to giggle—and Lord knows they giggle enough in the wrong places without any provocation. The chorus poems between the acts which explain the theme after the Greek fashion are perilous stuff too—a bit too high-flown possibly. They recall the chorus of the powers and the pities in Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," and the theme is surely worthy of such solemn device in classic form. Mr. Drinkwater's play has not yet been performed in this country. I am sure that before it is presented it will be subjected to some emendation that will bring it into better relation to our American forms of speech and our indigenous idealization of the mighty time in which the scenes are laid. I speak of it only from the book. Acted by the proper actors all these little defects, which might well spoil the play, may disappear. The character of Lincoln is in it, no doubt, but it is a character taken from Lord Charnwood's excellent biography and not from the heart of the American people in which Lincoln is enshrined as a kind of divinity working out a vast epic, but for all that supremest in his being one of ourselves. I do not think that I unfairly criticize the portraiture. In fact I think that Mr. Drinkwater has wrought a singularly fine work under limitations which it was beyond mortal power to transcend, seeing that all Americans have collaborated to create in the national imagination a Lincoln with which no foreigner—not even a high-minded Englishman—however well documented his work, can hope to be in satisfying rapport.

The Underlying Question

EVERY spell-binder at every banquet brings down the house, these evenings, when he launches the proposition, "What this country and the world at large is most in need of is increased production." But how get it? That is a question they don't answer, save by saying that "everybody should get to work." But how is everybody to get to work? The way to get everybody to work is to get the land into use. The land is largely locked-up. It can be taxed into use. At the same time all taxes now levied upon production in every form should be abolished. That would start up all the mills and factories and promote the growing of greater crops. It would keep wages up and prices at the fair supply-and-demand level. The taxation of land values to the full extent of the economic rent would strike at the profiteering that bases all other profiteering. The landed interest is the one great obstacle in the way of industrial pacification. Set the land free and there will be so many jobs looking for men that there will be no necessity for union labor to keep the wages up and production down. All conferences that dodge the land question as a solution of the capital-and-labor question are and will be failures. All the elaborate proposals for an industrial peace that we have been regaled with recently are absurd to one who understands the land question. Untax everything but land value and tax that so that there shall be left no rent rake-off for the "owner" and there will be no need longer to dread great strikes and lock-outs. The greatest continuing lock-out in the world is the lock-out of labor from land. Some one ought to have put this doctrine before the excruciatingly futilitarian industrial conference that marched up the hill and down again in state-ly "dubbery" week before last. Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane could have done it, for he understands the land question and its true answer. I think Secretary of Agriculture Houston and Secretary of Labor Wilson know the answer, too. Secretary of War Baker must have some glimmering sense of the truth, as a result of his long service in association with the late Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland. President Wilson, in "The New Freedom," led right up to the taxation of land values as a general social and economic remedy and then stopped with a suddenness that catapulted the reader right into the single tax. With so much single tax in the White House and in the various departments in Washington it is strange that none of it got into the conference, or if any of it did get in, that none of it got out here. It looks to me as if the conference was called in the spirit of "peace without victory." Labor and Capital were to fix it all up between themselves and leave the public to pay the bill. Such a conference couldn't help but fail, for there will be no industrial peace under any arrangement or set of resolutions that leaves one element of the people in control of one of the two factors in production—the land. The other factor is labor, but lock up the land so that labor cannot get to work on it and you have the most perfect arrangement for limitation of production and wage depression. Gary deadlocked the conference. We think of Gary as a manufacturer, but his power is landlord power—the power of untaxed natural resources in the Steel Trust's possession, but held out of use to maintain prices and keep down wages—yes, even war-time wages as compared with war-time profits. The landlord influence drove labor out of the conference by its dog-in-the-manger advantage. "We won't arbitrate. We control the jobs."

They are to be had on our terms or not at all." All the follies of Labor count for nothing as against the iniquity of monopoly of natural resources. And according to the newspaper record of conference proceedings, no one said a word on this aspect of the situation under discussion, thus reducing the program to—bunk "the wise it call."

❖❖

The Elections

Look at 'em!

Massachusetts Republican by 124,000. Coolidge ran on his anti-police strike record. Lodge didn't figure in the campaign at all.

Kentucky Republican by 75,000. Marse Henry Watterson's ghost-dancing against W. W. helped out on that, but the issues were local.

Ohio, after six months of drouth, votes for more of it by a three times greater majority than the first time. All the wets get is their tears.

New Jersey goes Democratic, though the President couldn't get home to vote. "Jersey lightning" hit the camel a terrific swat. But the Federal constitution kills apple Jack.

Tammany's Supreme Court candidates, including Sam Untermyer's son, were snowed under, and its nominee for President of the Board of Aldermen wins, if at all, by an eyelash.

Illinois elects a Republican Constitutional Convention though Chicago elected two Democratic judges.

Young Teddy Roosevelt is elected Assemblyman for Nassau county, New York, by 1700 more than the normal majority of 800.

Maryland doesn't know Wednesday morning whether the despot's heel is on her shore or not. The Republican candidate for governor seems a little ahead but Baltimore elects a Democratic mayor.

But Mississippi is safely Democratic. The only opposition was Socialistic and its gubernatorial candidate polled only 10,000 votes, but that he was permitted to run at all was a victory.

The League of Nations doesn't appear to have been an issue paramount in any state. The commonwealths just went Republican, that's all, and booze saved New Jersey while it lost Ohio. The election has no bearing upon the big fight in the Senate.

But things don't look rosy for the Democrats in the national election next year. There is evidently a big slump in its vote.

❖❖

Pins for Wings

By Emanuel Morgan

II.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

HE leans

And weaves the disorder of life
Into a confusion of lilies.

❖

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

A hamadryad

In the tree of knowledge.

❖

WALTER DE LA MARE

A door-knob

In the mist.

❖

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

He offers a soap-box

To Venus.

❖

MOIRA O'NEILL

The hands of the harpist homespun,
Fingers of silk.

❖

RICHARD LEGALLIENNE

A nightingale

At sea.

(To Be Continued.)

The China Consortium

By Silas Bent

NINE Japanese officials have been decorated by the Mikado for their part in concluding loans to China during the war aggregating about \$100,000,000. These jeweled ribbons and resplendent sunbursts are not badges of philanthropy. They are rewards for services in fastening the Imperial Japanese talons somewhat more securely in the body politic and industrial of the Republic. As security China pledged rich mining and forestry rights in Kirin and Heilungkiang, with the revenues therefrom; telegraph receipts, railroad properties, interior customs and salt revenues; and in addition Japan was enabled to negotiate the secret Treaty of Tokio, the text of which has not been made public but which, when Baron Makino played it as his trump card at Paris, proved the final blow to Chinese hopes of retaining the province of Shantung.

It has come to this issue: Shall Japan continue to finance China by these methods, and thus put the breath of life into the Yellow Peril bogey; or shall the nations most interested, including Japan, unite in a co-operative endeavor to put the Republic on its feet, pool their concessions and erase the spheres of influence which constitute its greatest peril and the greatest menace today to the peace of the world?

China has been piling up Japanese and domestic debts at such a rate that help must be forthcoming promptly. It costs \$20,000,000 a month to maintain her semi-bandit soldiery, which is regarded as necessary because her house is divided against itself with a separate government at Canton, entailing sporadic outbursts of civil war. The annual deficit is estimated at \$130,000,000. The money borrowed from Japan, ostensibly for industrial development, was in some cases devoted to this purpose; and it is interesting to observe that while Tokio was thus extending a helping hand to Peking, it was also financing the revolution to the tune of 16,250,000 yen, about \$8,125,000. By maintaining both sides in the civil war, Japan weakens China, increases the discontent of the people, obtains political and commercial privileges of incalculable value, and fattens her munition makers.

As things stand now, it is extremely difficult for China to borrow money without grave political complications. At the bottom of Great Britain's sphere of influence in the Yangtse Kiang valley, of the French sphere in Yunan, of the British and French joint sphere in Szechuan, of the Japanese spheres in Manchuria and Fukien, may be found a loan, usually for railroad construction. The Japanese spheres in Shantung and Mongolia, and to a certain extent in Manchuria, as well as her sovereignty over Korea (Chosen) are the fruits of war. The only foreign loan contracted by China during the war, outside those from Japan, was from the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, and was for \$5,000,000. This is as nearly non-political as any such operation could be, yet it is secured by the tobacco and wine revenues; and it must be obvious that, however little political ambition the Continental and Commercial may have in China, the mortgaging of revenues puts any government in an embarrassing position. At its best, as in this instance, borrowing is bad business in the present circumstances.

That is why a banking consortium, in which the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan shall be represented, and to which other Powers shall be admitted as they qualify for participation, has been formed to finance

China. It is an American idea. It is as democratic as any idea involving Big Business can be. It is the most hopeful effort yet made to stabilize the Chinese government and to restore its territorial and political integrity.

After the armistice was signed, representatives of banking groups in the four nations gathered in Paris to plan the details of the consortium. Their discussions were based on a memorandum prepared by Paul S. Reinsch, who recently resigned as our minister to Peking. The plan is to supply China with \$200,000,000 in four annual instalments, which are to be used to liquidate outstanding indebtedness, reorganize the currency system, put administrative reforms into effect, nationalize the railroads, and undertake industrial developments. No monopoly is proposed. If any outside group offers accommodation to China, the consortium must meet its terms or admit it, or permit a separate loan; but it is obvious that there must be a complete public accounting of the expenditure of funds borrowed, and it has been proposed that a civil service system be established, to do away with the nepotism and petty "squeeze" which have disgraced Chinese officialdom. Thirty-seven banks in all parts of the United States are included in the American group, and eighteen in the Japanese. France and Great Britain have not announced the composition of their groups.

Those are the main provisions of the plan. They are not agreeable either to Great Britain or to France, and cannot be swallowed without a grimace; because when British or French bankers have lent money to China in the past, it has been devoted to the development of their respective spheres, whereas under a consortium funds must be applied impartially wherever most needed, even if it happens to be in nobody's sphere. It means, in other words, that the Powers must throw their concessions into a common pot, accepting fair reimbursement therefor. It means that opulent privileges must be surrendered. It means an end of the hazardous balance of power in the Far East. And, although it is to the advantage of everyone to eliminate the menace which that system involves, it is not supposed by some that Great Britain and France would consent readily to the new arrangement if they could avoid it. But they are on our books for eight billions of dollars, or thereabouts; they are dependent upon us for further favors, they know that funds for China's development must come chiefly from this country, and they know that the remnant of confidence China still reposes in the outer world is confidence in Uncle Sam. Even if these things were not so they still might assent to the plan, as offering a peaceful and effective solution of the Far Eastern enigma.

But Japan has not yet been reconciled. Japan went into the banking conference relying on the Lansing-Ishii agreement, wherein the Mikado's superior interest in Far Eastern affairs was proclaimed; and it was her expectation that she would be able to hold the consortium purse strings, appoint the chairman of the financial commission, retain her concessions under the recent loans, and continue to enjoy her special privileges in Fukien, Shantung, Manchuria and Mongolia. Her spokesmen have been vigorous in contending for these points, some of them openly, since the meeting in Paris, and so the plans for the consortium have not been completed. Japan wants to emasculate the consortium. It is unthinkable that the United States will permit it.

It seems unthinkable, but perhaps it is not. Ever since John Hay enounced the Open Door theory we have done much talking about it, even some bragging, but that is all. We have

never stood behind it in any effective way. And the banking consortium is merely a scheme to make the Open Door an actuality, instead of an empty diplomatic shibboleth. It is an effort to rectify the blunders of our foreign policy. When Philander C. Knox sought, for the protection of China, to neutralize the Manchurian railroads, and an Anglo-American syndicate obtained a contract to build a line from Aigun, Japan objected, and the project was dropped. When a six-Power group was formed to extend a reorganization loan to China, Mr. Wilson put his foot on American participation and Mr. Bryan fulminated eloquently against "Dollar Diplomacy." Later it was perceived at Washington that the United States could not make rules for the game in China and remain out of the game, and so governmental sanction was given, a year ago, to participation by American bankers in a four-power loan. The weather-vane of policy had swung back again. The present consortium is a continuation and enlargement of that policy, but if the United States elects a course of vacillation and hesitation, Japan after all may have her way. If the United States for once stays put in its Far Eastern policy, China may escape the dismemberment now threatening, and may contribute her share toward the enrichment and advancement of the world.

A Literary Leviathan

By Owen Merryhue

EVEN though it be true that the only artist worth considering is he who feeds our old illusions or creates new ones for our spiritual sustenance, it is worth while, now and again, to stare at stark realities. Common parlance calls the United States a democracy, which in any literal sense, it is far from being. Actual affirmative government is exercised by a limited number whose brain, wealth or energy dominates the discordant multitude. The attitude of the people toward government may be described as inertia, tempered by flashes of revolt. They have the veto power, but not the capacity for initiating policies. All movements, however spontaneous and popular they may seem, when at floodtide, are generated as ideas in the individual brain.

It can hardly be doubted that, with all its sins upon its head, actual government today is much ahead of the average conduct of the average citizen. Government is honestier than the average morality of citizens subject to temptation. Not honestier than their ideals or even than their abstract principles, but fully as good as their conduct. Bribery in politics is rarer than in business; nepotism, the most amiable and natural of peccadillos, is more frequent in big business than in public affairs. Thus does quasi-democratic rule vindicate itself, though it is under no obligation to do so, for it is *the thing which* is.

Strange as it may seem, this whole train of thought (if it may be called so) was induced by reading an advertisement in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which it is set forth that a man unknown to "literature"—his name, be it known, is Harold Bell Wright—has more readers than all other writers of fiction combined—750,000 copies of his new novel being necessary to supply the initial demand. What becomes of all the figures sedulously circulated by book-magazines as to "best sellers?" Clearly we have in this man the Henry Ford of fiction. He "gives the people what they want" and they read him gladly. Let no one wave aside this portent on the ground that he is a purveyor of "penny-dreadfuls." His books retail at the orthodox, or formerly orthodox, price of \$1.50. Millions flock to see his creations done into movies and flashed upon the screens. When we consider the average number of people who read a book, it would seem that this man unknown to literature, the butt and scorn of the literary critics, must have impressed some of his ideas, or near-ideas,

on at least ten per cent of the American people. If a referendum were taken on the leading American novelist, can there be any doubt that he would triumphantly head the poll?

Goodness knows we are not apt to consider the following of the "best sellers" as being "overly" gifted with intelligence. What then shall we say of the adherents of this leviathan of literature? They are evidently blessed with an utter lack of critical faculty, being in that receptive state of mind that children exemplify. Narrative, incident, melodrama, vice defeated, virtue rewarded, and all enveloped in a mayonnaise of non-dogmatic religion, is the fare on which they feed. And these are people who actually buy \$1.50 books and read them. Beneath them is the vast mass, probably eighty per cent of the whole, of those who never buy a book and rarely read one. As we gaze into that vast abyss, we are stirred by a feeling not less awful than is his who tries to fathom the remoteness of Canopus, and belief in democracy becomes a supreme test of our will-to-faith.

Circumlocutions

By Horace Flack

II.—THE HILLS BEYOND PENTLAND.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and firths beyond Forth;

Be there lords in the lowlands, there are chiefs in the North."

THE hills beyond Pentland are more suitable for the study of geology than they are for sustaining a sudden or unprecedented increase in population, such as is now taking place among them.

For reasons which will probably appear, if they are not already self-evident, the increase, sudden in its beginnings, is already unprecedented and it is likely to become more so, as Americans not afraid to use their own brains and consciences are liberated from penitentiaries and jails.

I have always disapproved every policy which tends to raise the moral and intellectual level of the penitentiary conspicuously above that of politics outside. If it is said that at times this cannot be avoided, I do not argue to the contrary, but I still hold (and if disposed to be urgent, I would even urge) that it should not be made too conspicuous. When men and women who do not steal, who will not lie, who will not forswear themselves, who do not give or take bribes, who do not profess patriotism for a percentage, who do not combine to plunder the treasury or to rob the public by extortionate prices, or to vitiate popular government by falsifying elections and suppressing votes instead of counting them—when such as these are in the penitentiary and the fact is generally known, then the result seems to me to be a contrast, which, if disposed to be extreme in the use of language, I would insist it is judicious to avoid.

As it may be noticed that I am not disposed to be extreme in the use of language, this may be explained as a result of recreations in geology during visits to the Hills Beyond Pentland. In order to be a recreation, geology calls for calmness. In times when the trans-Pentland hills were not overcrowded, I have found them conducive to calmness and even to repose. There are clear lakes among them in which the sunset is reflected in splendor, while there is a soothing undertone from the noise of distant cascades as mountain streams leap, glittering with the sunset, into quiet valleys where twilight has begun. "*Montani semper liberi*"—the mountains and the men they breed are free forever, and when freedom dies in the lowlands, those who are born to the highlands may still defend it from crag to crag, falling back only to wheel and stand again so long as a single mountain peak is left them to die on. In this "action rear," as men of the Highlands stand on their own ground, all their memories of all the beauty of their sunsets and the music of their streams inspire them in their last stand on their last crag. So in South Africa, they

fought their fight from "kopje to kopje," as the rear guard of their republics faced about in a forlorn hope against world-empire until "civilization staggered" with their fall. So in the hills beyond Pentland, there is not a crag above their placid lakes, which may not have re-echoed with the chorus:

*"Then ho, for the hills, for the caves and the rocks!
Ere we own a usurper, we'll crouch with the fox!"*

As I have seen them in their solitude, it seemed even then that if the voice were raised to singing pitch in the tenderest love song, these caves and crags could echo back nothing except their own music—the tune of "Dundee."

As the original "uplift" which made the hills what they are, shaped them as they are, they reveal to those who study their geology in calmness, the foundations of the world in every stratum upwards from the original granite as it cooled from liquid lava into a consistency which is as durable and unyielding as the spirit of man in its resistance to oppression. The geologist who studies the trans-Pentland granite is likely to find his hammer clinking on it to the tune of "Dundee." That music seems to be native to these hills, so that even in their utmost solitudes, it is always ready to begin to come back as an echo from any sound among them. Listen closely at any cascade while using a geologists' hammer and you may hear: "Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can!"

As I have known them in solitude, they were a paradise for two geologists, but as now-overpopulated, white refugees from the Lowlands keep crowding into them, they are no longer available for recreations in geology. On my return from them, when I found geology out of the question, their population was steadily increasing. I saw no brass on the target of bark and bullhide, nor steel in the scabbard that dangled beside, but rather everything which suggests "lassitude and fatigue" in those who evacuate the lowlands while bells ring backwards and drums are beaten until the call of the caves and the rocks is overpowering.

I have spoken only of geology and not of geography or history, though after crossing the "firths beyond Forth," I have paid some attention to both. Some, who do not care for geology and scorn history, are so ignorant of geography that they do not believe in the existence of hills beyond Pentland at all. They scoff when told that their maps need mending. Why argue that point or the point of any parable? When all things come to those who wait, education in waiting may be better than education in geology. If we cannot listen and learn, we can always wait and see.

The Crazy Rancher

By Howard Mumford Jones

BECAUSE there was no fairy thing
Within a seven-night's journeying,
And our great Rockies do not dress
In legendary loveliness;
Because his mountain solitude
Was guiltless of an elfin brood,
And the long, winter nights were drear,
He built strange stories from his fear
And told them in a startled ear.
He said the blue sky was a piece
Of Zeus who had been king in Greece;
And that the trail to Crooked Tree
Led to a store called Arcady.
He told us not to fish for trout,
For they were seraphim locked out
Of heaven, and he said that birds
Were wizards chanting golden words.
He had a fiddle, and he made
A kind of tour in spring, and played
For miles and miles up Chimney Butte.
But when he said our logging chute
Was useful for the nymphs to slide on,
And they had moonbeam-logs to ride on,
We said his case was getting bad,
And, though it seemed a harmless fad,
The sheriff locked him up for mad.

The Case of India

By Evelyn Roy

Why does India, with a population of 315,000,000, submit to be ruled by a despotism hateful to her? The answer is written deep in the ways of the British bureaucracy. A people, to rebel, must have some vestige of power; the Indian people have been divested of all. Physically they are debilitated by over a century of starvation; mentally they are stagnating from the same period of enforced illiteracy. With a country once the richest in the world, and still potentially so, with a people once enlightened beyond even the modern educational average, today the ancient freeholds of the Indian peasantry have vanished, giving place to a miserable tenantry whose grasping and inexorable landlord is the Government; the ancient village governments, the *panchayats*, have crumbled with the disappearance of political and civil rights; the ancient schools and colleges where thousands of Indians were educated, fed and clothed at the expense of an enlightened empire have vanished, and a wretched and illiterate population lives on, hopeless and oppressed. Where formerly public works of a scale so vast that even modern engineering wonders, and numerous industries flourished under national protection with a plentitude of work for all, today the Indian people live in enforced idleness, victims of malnutrition and disease,—the fruits of a governmental policy which ruthlessly destroyed indigenous industries to make way for English-made goods, expropriated the lands which are heavily overtaxed, and converted all of India into a stupendous agricultural monopoly for the benefit of the insatiate British overlords. Here are a few isolated facts, culled from Government Blue Books and other official reports, as to "prosperous" British India.

India has an area the size of Europe without Russia, with a population three times that of the United States. Three hundred and fifteen million people are ruled by a Government alien to them in race, manners, speech, culture, traditions and ideals. There are 1,000,000 Europeans and about 200,000 Eurasians (the mixture of European and Indian blood) in India.

After a century and a half of the

most cold-blooded exploitation recorded in history, under the East India Company, the Indians rebelled in 1857 and almost succeeded in regaining their liberties; the rebellion was suppressed and the country taken over formally by the British Crown in order to prevent its loss through succeeding insurrections. The government of India is designed to keep India in perpetual subjection which explains the utter lack of democratic elements or liberal provisions for the welfare of the people. At the head is the Secretary of State for India, resident in England, and his staff, all Englishmen and appointed by the king, but paid from the Indian exchequer. Next comes the English Viceroy of India and his Council, resident in India for a five years' term of office, paid by India, but appointed by the Crown. The people of India have no representation in the English Parliament; they have a minority of two out of fourteen in the Viceroy's

Council, to witness the making of Indian law, the fixing of Indian taxes, and the expenditure of Indian funds, raised by taxing the people of India.

Every legislative, executive and high official post in India is appointive from the English Crown, is held by Englishmen and is barred to Indians, with the single exception of the Judiciary; but no Indian judge is allowed to try an Englishman, for whom separate courts are maintained at India's expense.

India sends to England an annual average revenue of \$200,000,000 out of a total annual revenue of \$400,000,000. India pays for the maintenance of the British-Indian army which keeps her in subjection, \$95,000,000 annually, yet no Indian is allowed to hold a commission therein; the monthly wage of an Indian private is \$3.00. Indian troops, like Indian people, are kept completely disarmed, except when in the field.

Formerly one-fourth, by recent legis-

3855 Olive Street
J. N. SEROPYAN
Phone, Lindell 3264

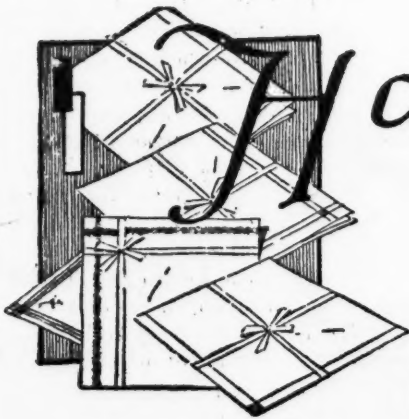
IMPORTER OF
FINE AND RARE

Oriental Rugs

PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE

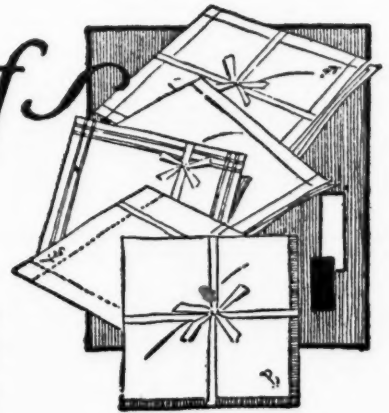
Special Department for Cleaning and Repairing
Cleanest and Best Work Done in the City

RUGS



Handkerchiefs for Gifts

Our showing of Christmas Handkerchiefs is now complete. It embraces every wanted style and material, from the brightly colored novelty Handkerchiefs to the exquisitely hand-embroidered ones of the finest linen.



Handkerchiefs make ideal gifts—they are, in nearly every instance, appropriate and certainly appreciated. We list a few of the styles to be found in our Handkerchief Shop:

- | | | | |
|---|-------------|--|---------------|
| Women's all-linen Handkerchiefs, with hand rolled hems cross-stitched with colored thread, each..... | 60c | Women's all-linen Handkerchiefs with Spanish hand embroidered initials in a dainty design, each..... | 60c |
| Women's all-linen colored Novelty Handkerchiefs, with solid colored centers and fancy borders, each..... | 50c and 75c | Women's all-linen Handkerchiefs with 1/8-inch hems and hand embroidered script initials, each..... | 40c |
| Women's all-linen Handkerchiefs, in a variety of pretty colors; have narrow white hemstitched hems and are decorated with dainty white French dots, each..... | 75c | Women's dainty Glove Handkerchiefs, of linen with white and colored embroidered designs in the corners, each..... | 25c |
| Women's all-linen hand embroidered Handkerchiefs, with narrow hemstitched hems, each..... | 75c | Men's sheer linen Handkerchiefs, with one-half inch hemstitched hems and one-inch hand embroidered script initial, each..... | \$1.25 |
| Women's all-linen white Handkerchiefs, with narrow hemstitched hems, in colors to match a dainty hand embroidered design in the corner, each..... | 75c | Men's all-linen Handkerchiefs with Old English hand embroidered initials and 1/4-inch hemstitched hems..... | \$1.00 |
| Women's sheer linen Handkerchiefs, with narrow hemstitched hems and mitered cut corners, each..... | 50c | Men's all-linen Handkerchiefs with 1/8, 1/4 and 1/2-inch hemstitched hems..... | 50c to \$1.50 |
| | | Men's all-linen Handkerchiefs, with hand embroidered initials in fancy designs and narrow hemstitched hems, each..... | 85c |

Handkerchief Shop—First Floor.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

lation one-half, of the Indian budget is expended on the army, while less than one-sixteenth is spent for education and sanitation. Education is neither free nor compulsory. Seven per cent of the total population receive schooling. Four out of every five villages lack schools of any kind. Every European and Eurasian of an age to receive education is getting it. The Government expends \$1.50 a year per head for the education of its Indian subjects; \$20 per year for each European and Eurasian.

The Indian Civil Service consists of 1,283 Englishmen and 46 Indians. The Indian Medical Service consists of five per cent of Indians in subordinate posts, the rest being Englishmen. Examinations for both services are governmental, and are held in England with severe restrictions governing the Indian competitors, who must graduate from college at 21, cross the water at their own expense, take an examination in a foreign tongue on prescribed subjects such as Latin and Greek, and withal make a grade sufficiently high to receive an appointment. The highest posts are closed to him, either by examination or promotion.

The British-Indian Government maintains a monopoly upon land, railroads, telegraphs, salt, opium, liquor, precious stones and metals. It taxes the Indian peasant from 65 per cent to 70 per cent upon the produce of his land, which is three times higher than British subjects in England are taxed. In 1916 it received an income from land taxes of \$100,000,000; \$15,000,000 from its liquor traffic; \$25,000,000 from its opium traffic which even China has made illegal, and \$35,000,000 from excise taxes levied upon the products manufactured within India.

Indigenous Indian products are taxed from 3½ per cent to 10 per cent in their own markets to prevent Indian manufacturers from underselling the English-made goods which are brought in duty-free. The result has been to ruin Indian industries and to throw 40,000,000 Indians out of work, while flooding the country with English goods and exploiting the cheap labor and fertile lands to provide raw materials for English mills. The average annual income of an Indian is \$9.00 a year, or less than a cent and a half a day; the average European and Eurasian income in India is \$150.00 a year. The average wage of an Indian industrial laborer is 11 cents for a fourteen-hour day—less than a cent an hour; for an agricultural laborer, four cents for a sixteen-hour day. Women work 11 hours; children under fourteen, six. There are no housing or sanitary laws binding upon employers.

As a result, the Indian death rate is 32 per thousand; infant mortality in the larger cities was 675 per thousand in 1916; as a result of malnutrition, overcrowding and disease, 32,000,000 people died in eight months of the present year of our Lord, 1919. Thirty-three million Indians died of famine only in the 19th century under British rule. The average life of an Indian is 23.5 years; of an American, 45 years. Plague, malaria and famine carry off millions every year, for lack of sanitation, drainage and medical provisions. Yet, India produces at all times enough grain to feed her starving population, but the dire pov-

erty of the people make them starve in years of plenty, while during the worst famines, grains are exported in huge quantities to England. The famines are due to lack of money, not of foodstuffs.

Indians are excluded by law from immigrating to South Africa, Australia and Canada, where their status as British subjects is not recognized. The latest immigration law has denied them the right to seek better living conditions in the United States, and urged on by the British Government, the Hindu political exiles who sought refuge here are being held for deportation to India, where they will be hanged.

The Indian Nationalist Party was organized in 1900, and exists today with ramifications over the whole of India for the expressed purpose of liberating the Indian people from British misrule. Indian newspapers and organizations for revolutionary agitation have existed and exist today despite the repressive measures of the Anglo-Indian Government. The following are a few which are aimed to suppress the movement for Indian independence:

The Arms Act: In existence since 1857 and re-enacted half a dozen times; prohibits the ownership or use of arms, munitions, knives or even big sticks by any Indian without license, under penalty of imprisonment of from one to two years or life, as well as liability to death sentence for waging war against the king. In 1917 there was one arms license for every 1800 persons and every four towns, which explains why, in that year, according to the U. S. consul's report, 23,915 persons were killed by snakes in India, and 2,176 by wild animals—they had no arms to defend themselves from jungle terrors.

The Conspiracy Act: Gives the police the right to visit and search any Indian house without warrant; the right of arrest, imprisonment or deportation of any suspected Indian without trial; or formal charge of a definite crime, together with the right to confiscate the property of one so seized. This act has been enormously re-enforced by the recently passed Rowlatt Acts, which places the whole of India under martial law for the next three years and gives inquisitorial and Star Chamber powers to the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy. The Rowlatt bills were passed over the united protest of the entire Indian people, causing the resignation of the Indian members of the Viceroy's Council, the three days' passive resistance demonstrations of the masses, and the ensuing riots when the unarmed people were fired on by machine guns and bombed from airplanes by British soldiers.

The Press Act: Re-enacted a dozen times, takes away freedom of the press, as other acts took away freedom of speech and assembly. This act since 1910 has penalized 650 newspapers and presses and has proscribed over 500 publications besides fixing security at \$200,000 for new periodicals, thus preventing their appearance.

The Defense of Indian Act: Final, all-embracing prohibition to social, civic and political liberty, in force since the outbreak of the European war.

Since 1905 thousands of Indian patriots from every walk of life have been arrested, imprisoned, tortured, sentenced to long-term or life imprisonments, in-

ternment or death by hanging. Thousands of young boys have been publicly flogged for singing national songs. The right to leave India or to enter is practically denied to all Indians except those few known to be sold to British interests; strict censorship of mail, telegraph and cable is maintained so that no news of Indian unrest may leak out, or of possible help and sympathy from other countries, leak in. Nationalistic literature is proscribed and seized, its possessor subject to imprisonment and torture; it is a crime for any Indian to sing his National Anthem, to hold any meetings of whatever nature where more than three people are congregated. It

constitutes a crime for any teacher to discuss politics or political economics in his class rooms; for any teacher or student to participate in any reform movement; for any newspaper to criticize the Government or its policy; for any theatre to present dramas representing India's past greatness or nationalistic aspirations.

The Indian subject of Great Britain is not only a beggar on his own doorstep, but an outcast in his own kingdom. Social as well as political distinctions are everywhere rigidly enforced. Every city contains a European and Native section; every railroad station a European and Native waiting room; every

ESTABLISHED 1867

Leppert-Roos Fur Co.

A. G. SOLARI, Pres.

809 WASHINGTON AVENUE



An unusual selection of charming styles in

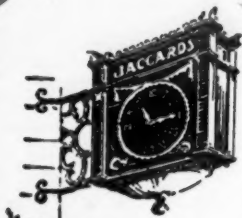
Furs of Dependable Quality

No misnomers nor misrepresentations, has always been our clarion. You are safeguarded here by our enviable reputation of fifty-two years selling furs exclusively.

The LEPPERT-ROOS

label in any garment is an assurance of perfection in quality, style and workmanship.

Largest Exclusive Fur House in America



Store Hours:
9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.

Jaccard Diamonds for Gifts

The present condition of the world's commerce makes it advisable for you to select now the gifts you may wish for Christmas.

Our present showing of diamonds is exquisite in beauty and unusually large. Here, in the House of Jaccards, you will find rare jewels in mountings beautifully wrought and original in design.



The ring which is illustrated has a square diamond and sapphire set in a filigreed mounting of platinum and small diamonds. The price . . . \$1,395.00

Beautiful Watches



The charming watch illustrated has a hand engraved 14-karat green gold case, inlaid with black enamel and set with 12 white full cut diamonds. The watch is octagon shape and fitted with Jaccard's excellent 15 jewel movement - - - \$173.50

An attractive wrist watch for women is one, rectangular in shape, and having a 14 karat green gold case. It is fitted with a Jaccard 15 jewel movement and the price is - - \$110.00

The same style in a sterling silver case, - - - - - \$76.00

A 14 karat gold wrist watch of a small size is a gift any woman will appreciate. It is square and fitted with a 15 jewel movement.

The price, - - - - - \$61.50

A woman's wrist watch, 20-year gold filled, octagon shape, is fitted with guaranteed 15 jewel movement - - \$19.50

The same watch, only round in shape, is priced - - - - - \$17.50

Jaccard's
Exclusive Jewelers
9th & Locust

Mail Orders Carefully Filled

train and street car its English section distinct from the Indian. There are English schools and Indian ones, with separate institutions dedicated to that special creation of English conquest, the Eurasian, who is given certain privileges and precedence over every Indian by reason of his English blood. No Indian policeman may arrest an Englishman; no Indian judge or jury try one. The Englishman is master of the soil he has usurped and has fixed an eternal line of demarcation between overlord and underling. Small wonder that the breach is ever widening, and that after one hundred and fifty years of occupation, the conqueror is more of a foreigner, more of an enemy, than when he first set foot on Indian soil. Small wonder that the Indian patriot, be he prince or peasant, Hindu or Mohammedan, dreams of that day when India, the Motherland, shall be once more for the Indians, her rightful sons.

Politics

By John Drinkwater

You say a thousand things,
Persuasively,
And with strange passion hotly I agree,
And praise your zest,
And then—
A blackbird sings
On April lilac, or fieldfaring men,
Ghostlike, with loaded wain,
Come down the twilight lane
To rest,
And what is all your argument to me?

Oh, yes—I know, I know,
It must be so—
You must devise
Your myriad policies,
For we are little wise,
And must be led and marshaled, lest we keep
Too fast a sleep
Far from the central world's realities.
Yes, we must heed—
For surely you reveal
Life's very heart; surely with flaming zeal
You search our folly and our secret need;
And surely it is wrong
To count my blackbird's song,
My cones of lilac, and my wagon team,
More than a world of dream.

But still
A voice calls from the hill—
I must away—
I cannot hear your argument today.
—From "Poems 1908-1919"; (Houghton-Mifflin Company.)

How Far It Went

Sir Robert had come to America and was the house guest of a wealthy family whose most prized gem was a daughter named Agnes. His lordship was viewing the estate with the girl's father and waxed enthusiastic. "And does it go as far as that strip of woods?" he babbled. "It does," grunted the unsympathetic parent. "Does it go way across that meadow?" "It does." "Does it go to the river, way over there?" "Yep. But remember one thing—it doesn't go with Aggie."

ST. LOUIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION of ARTS and CRAFTS

SOUTHERN HOTEL BUILDING, OCTOBER 15-NOVEMBER 11—"Live" Exhibits, Processes, Entertainments, Music, Drama, Dancing, Pageantry, Lectures, Pictures—Something Doing All the Time—11 A. M.—11 P. M.
25 CENTS ADMISSION COVERS EVERYTHING—CHILDREN 10 CENTS

Opie Read

By Vincent Starrett

"The greatest almos-ter this country board, and Opie wrote copiously without ever produced," cried the editor of REEDY'S MIRROR enthusiastically when I suggested a paper on Opie Read—summing up in a phrase what I had planned to say in perhaps a column or two. That thought was to have been my introduction and my epilogue, for while it is the obvious remark it is also the inevitable word. In the circumstances, bereft of my text, I must credit it to its author and still use it.

Somehow, I cannot think of Opie Read without thinking also of that literary will-o'-the-wisp, the Great American Novel. Let it be said at once that Opie didn't write it, grotesquely supposing it to have been written, and couldn't write it, optimistically supposing it may yet be done. Opie Read is provincial, and the Great American Novel cannot be that. What Opie Read might have done—what he almost did do—is write great American novels.

This thought about that Great American Novel obtrudes because there have been so few American novels which, by any manner of reasoning, might be entered for that handicap, and because Opie's are so entirely American. Yet in that brief muster of thoroughbreds, at least six of Opie Read's novels would have to be started. The G. A. N.—it has come to be initiated, like G. B. S. and other myths—never will be written, in point of fact. Spain alone, of all nations, may claim an unique book: and who is to say what the future shall bring out of Spain?

Opie Read is of the line of Shakespeare and Dickens, as was Mark Twain. Removed from its context that line would seem a staggering absurdity. Opie's wildest admirer might hesitate to say that, at his best, he even approximated those others at their worst. Actually, he is not—so—very—far—behind Dickens and St. Mark, if we except the outstanding master-works of that excellent pair. The point is, all were elemental geniuses who, whatever, we may think of their work as "art," in our current cant, had (1) a story to tell, and (2) told it. We may speak of Opie in the past tense for critical purposes, for he is through with novel writing. Shakespeare and Dickens, and Mark Twain wrote about "peepul," even when the former was writing about Earls and Ladies; and about life as it is lived, and about human emotions. Lacking the superior genius of these, but spurred by a curious genius of his own, of a less distinguished fervor, Opie Read wrote too of "peepul" and life, as he had observed them, and like those others his first consideration was his story, the thing he had to say, rather than the technical consideration of style. Opie himself called Shakespeare "the Bible's wise though sometimes sportive child," so I must not insist too hard on this Shakespeare analogy lest my reward be laughter; but I may continue to this: like those others, also, when in the course of his narrative the English language threatened to obstruct the flow of his words, it was the English language that suffered. It went by the

reference to such minutiae as the rules governing our parts of speech and their "proper" juxtaposition. Only a courageous genius or a fool may do this successfully, and Opie Read was—and is—no fool.

This is not to say that Opie Read's writings do not possess style. Out of his fine scorn for dilettante word painting, achieved at the expense of philosophical content, he accomplished a clear, expressive and often highly poetic manner; but he is no more a stylist than is Dickens or Balzac. The great Frenchman is another whom, remotely, he suggests. The thing in Opie Read is his profound knowledge of human nature, his cheerful and whimsical philosophy, the rugged virility of his democracy. A novelist with a purpose, he believes in human nature, sees the good in the bad and the bad in the good, and draws no false distinctions among men. In his philosophy one class does not possess all the virtues and another all the faults of humanity. He sees life as he sees nature, with the understanding eye and the sympathetic heart. He is not a mystic; neither, however, is he a materialist or a sensationalist. I think of him as that rare and joyous anomaly—an artist who is perfectly disillusioned, and is still an optimist.

I have said that Opie Read is provincial, and so he is—geographically. The passions of his middle west and southern characters are, of course, common from China to Peru—with such variations as may be developed by the gulf stream and Governmental idiocy. I am of those, however, who believe with Machen and Cabell that great literature must be allegorical rather than locally descriptive; and while Opie is a writer of allegories in that, unobtrusively, his tales point an admirable moral, he is none the less confined within the frontiers of three or four states, and tied to the native peculiarities and endeavors of citizens indigenous to the locale of his scenario. With this restriction, his imagination voyages bravely with his experience, and a veritable *Comedie Humaine*, somewhat liquid and drawing as to speech, is the result.

Something of a *picaro* himself, Read's wandering heroes are often picturesquely picaresque vagabonds of the genus printer. Opie was a printer in his youth, and the "tramp printer," that inspired scare-crow beloved of Mark Twain and earlier humorists, is intimately known to him. Whatever else his tales may be about, Opie usually manages to drag in a printer, and he makes of him an ingratiating and thoroughly likable hero-villain—brilliant, temperamental, entirely undependable and perennially drunk. Perhaps I exaggerate here, very slightly, just as Opie doubtless exaggerates and caricatures his man; but I insist that his printers are chock full of human frailties, and, by the same token, entirely human and delightful.

It was a printer who in that (to me) most charming of his yarns, "The Wives of the Prophet," carried on the scandalously in a Mormon community, it was always so one might do him an

where, as a mater of rite, anually the loveliest girls were set aside to be the "wives of the prophet." The prophet never had been known to come, the lovely maidens became old maids, languished and died; but while they lived they never ceased to tell of the honor that had been theirs. It was a signal compliment thus to be "set aside" to await the coming of the "prophet." All of which coming to the ears of Opie's vagabond printer, inflamed him to high resolve—and one day the "prophet" came. O lovers of the mad *Don Q.*, of *Gil Blas* and *Guzman de Alfaraque*, of Laurence Sterne and the redoubtable *Pickwick*—read you the story! It is, I suppose, leagues behind the world masterpieces, but it is of their lively kind-ney.


For the most part, Opie Read is known for "A Kentucky Colonel," "A Tennessee Judge," "An Arkansas Planter," "Emmet Bonlore," "The Jucklins" and a dozen other minor masterpieces of American community life. His Southern colonels and judges, and their devoted darkies, are lovingly and tenderly drawn by a man who knew and called them by their names—"Kernel" and "Jedge" and "Joe." Their quaint philosophies, their shrewd wit, their camaraderie, their chivalry, their weaknesses and their strength, are all in the books. Opie has idealized them, he has even been a bit maudlin about it at times; but allowing for caricature, kindly or indignant (and Read is a vigorous denouncer too), these are the men. In "My Young Master" he has written as fine a novel of the civil war as our literature can offer, and in "Bolanyo" he has focused a community so sharply as to deceive one into a belief that perhaps it is even finer than it seems. But in "Bolanyo" he falls down where in many of his other tales he manages to fail; he is in too big a hurry. Toward the end he lets down; he is writing too furiously—not with the fury of composition, but with the fury of imperative haste.

Therein is found one reason why Opie Read is not one of the great novelists of the day. I don't know what his ambition may have been as a young man, though it must have been high; but for one reason or another he had to write rapidly for a peculiar market. His popularity with the traveling public was enormous, and his publishers were in the business of issuing paper-backed novels in astonishing quantities, at incredible speed. I fancy Opie was usually behind on his contracts. I can imagine his publishers frantically querying him concerning a book supposed to be nearing completion and actually not yet begun. I can imagine Opie buying a basket of stogies, a pound of pipe tobacco and a bottle of ink out of the miserable remnants of his advance money and plunging to the task. But once begun I do not see him tearing his hair and gesticulating. The born story-teller is at work now; the teeming fancy is leaps ahead of the coursing pen, and without the remotest idea of what is coming next in the story Opie is turning out wet pages at a rate that Walter Scott, writing to pay his debts, might have envied. So it must have been at any rate toward the last. That it was always so one might do him an

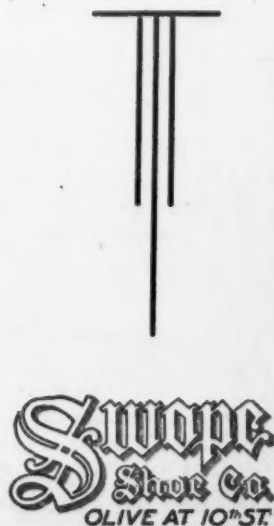
IS THE BIBLE TRUE?
You MUST read the remarkable book that has been suppressed over 100 YEARS. Sent by mail prepaid only 50c. If, after you read this sensational masterpiece, you do not think it is worth TEN TIMES 50c. we will refund your money. Know the Truth! You will be Starled!
Order at once
TRUTH PUB. CO., DEPT. B. G.
1400 Broadway, New York

The Problem Solved—
"WHERE TO GO TO-NIGHT"
"CICARDI'S"
High Class Entertainment Every Night
Under Cover and Open Air Winter Garden
A. J. CICARDI

Evens & Howard
FIRE BRICK COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS OF
High Grade Fire Brick and Sewer Pipe
Yards for City Delivery
920 Market St. Saint Louis


Mr. Glancy
of
The MARQUETTE
18th St. and Washington Ave.
St. Louis
A Refined Hotel for Your
Mother, Wife and Sister
Single Room with Private Bath
\$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00
Double \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00
Room without bath, single, \$1.50
Room without bath, double, \$2.00, \$2.50
4 Short Blocks from Union Station

**SHOES of
DEPENDABLE
QUALITY
at PRICES
UNIFORMLY
REASONABLE**



injustice to guess. He has himself said: to contain. The wonder is that Opie Read wrote as well as he did; the pity is that he did not write as he could have written. His humor and his philosophy went hand in hand. As a random sample of his style, in this connection, perhaps the following is adequate: "Man may be walking pleasantly with prosperity hooked upon his arm, talking of the deeds they are to perform in common, when up gallops misfortune on a horse, and that is the end." Or this bit of blithe cynicism: "The ancient philosophers, counseling contentment of the mind, had money loaned out at interest. It was no wonder that they could be contented, and, after all, they held the right idea of life: money first and philosophy afterward."

His epigrams are as clever as those turned by weightier names. "Marriage," he remarks in one book, "is a noisy failure or a quiet blessing"; and, "One may have ever so hairy an ear, and yet the gossip of the neighborhood will force its way in." His humor usually is homespun; it doesn't glitter. And at his worst, when he moralizes, Read never offends with the awful "glad" philosophy of certain popular writers of the week. Opie himself is a character out of his own books. He is a physical giant, or he would not now be alive. At the Chicago Press Club, which is his headquarters, he is the sole survivor of a brilliant group that once included Stanley Waterloo, H. S. Canfield and John McGovern

—excellent writers and splendid fellows, in no small degree wrecked by a harlot city. He is the "show piece" of that newspaper institution, and occasionally graces a banquet with his long presence and an humorous speech—a "speech" always; he never makes addresses. He is as good an extemporaneous speaker as ever was inveigled into sudden articulation.

As a young reporter I used to frequent the Chicago Press Club, usually to steal a nap on one of its sofas. Not infrequently I was awakened by a booming voice lambasting life, letters and all the powers that be. Sleepily, I knew that Opie had come in, and was in his favorite chair. I did not always listen; I wish now that I had. But thinking back and looking forward, I incline to believe that some day there may be readers who will envy that obscure journalist, if happily they chance upon his tribute, who lay sometimes upon a hair sofa and listened idly to tales more remarkable than their author ever spun in print.

Effective Photography

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures sent to the chief of police of a provincial town, where it was thought likely the fugitive was in hiding. After the lapse of a few days the following reply reached headquarters: "Sir—I duly received the portraits of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

"My dear sir," said the salesman, courteously, as he handed the customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron." And sure enough it did. The man hadn't worn it two months when it began to look rusty.—*London Sketch*.

"Pa, what's a monosyllable?" "A long term for a short word, my son."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The Phrenologist—Yes, sir; by feeling the bumps on your head I can tell exactly what sort of man you are.

Mr. Doolan—Oi belave it will give ye more ov an oidea wot sort ov a woman me woife is.—*Jack Canuck*.

Young Wife—Oh, Jack, you don't mean to say that you've found a flat?

Husband—Not exactly, dear; but we're pretty fortunate. We are first in after a couple who have taken it for three years.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"Of course," said the serious citizen, "our foreign relations have nothing to do with the high cost of living." "I know better'n that," interrupted Mr. Cumrox. "My oldest daughter married one o' them foreign dukes."—*Washington Star*.

A Swiss president was once asked by the retired Kaiser at national manoeuvres what he would do should Germany send 200,000 men against the entire Swiss force of 100,000. "Distribute two cartridges apiece instead of one," was the smiling answer.

The Diamond Shop

Tokens of great significance are chosen with a correspondingly great amount of care. The first wise step is taken when a reliable place is decided upon to make the purchase.

Our diamond shop has a reputation which needs no additional commendation. The line of platinum set jewels is especially elaborate. When it comes to that most important of all gifts—the engagement ring—our display is truly marvelous.

A ring which excites instant appreciation is of platinum with a square dome setting of most intricate filigree. The perfect blue-white stone which gleams from this resting place is a karat and a quarter in size. Diagonally from the corners of the setting to the stone runs lines made up of our square-cut caliber sapphires. Eight small diamonds complete the design of this unusual ring. It may be purchased for \$865.

Another platinum ring of special interest has a square setting in flat style. The large white diamond is set in the center of the square while at each corner is a triangular sapphire and each space between these corner sapphires is filled by four diamonds, making 16 smaller stones in all. The shank, too, is jeweled, each side showing three small diamonds. The price of this ring is \$425.

We also carry many high-grade solitaires of the conventional type. One of particular beauty possesses a perfect, brilliant white stone, over a karat in size, set in a graceful high mounting and comes at \$550.

Wedding rings, too, vary from the usual. We are showing a number of square-cut, all-over engraved platinum ones, which prove wonderful companion rings for the platinum solitaires. They come at \$42.50.

Whatever may be your desires in diamonds and high-grade jewelry of all types, you will find exact satisfaction from our stock.

(First Floor.)

STIX, BAER & FULLER
GRAND-LEADER

Fairhope

By Samuel Danziger

Fairhope is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. There is good cause for the celebration, even though the superficial observer may wonder what there is to boast about in a little Alabama village. But even as there have been "little giants" among individuals so there are among communities. Physically Fairhope is a small town; just as Henry George and Joseph Fels were small men. And physically New York City is a big metropolis; just as John L. Sullivan and Jack Johnson were big men. In all other respects let us be charitable enough to New York City and the two big bruisers to omit comparisons.

Fairhope has brains, and the courage and self-confidence to follow whatever course these brains approve. How many communities are there of which the same may truthfully be said? When a principle can stand the test of logic then Fairhope knows that it will work, regardless of whether other places have or have not experimented with it. And when Fairhope knows a principle will work that principle is pretty sure to be applied as soon as occasion arises. There is none of that progress-throttling stupidity, expressed in the remark: "Let us see first how some other place gets along with it." Being big mentally Fairhope has progressed in spite of obstacles. Compared with the other towns on the eastern shore of Mobile bay which have shared with it every advantage, except knowledge and brains, Fairhope has even achieved the distinction of physical greatness.

Now what great truth has Fairhope applied that other places have avoided? Fairhope treats the land of the community as common property. Its founders knew that private property in land is wrong in principle and harmful in practice. They realized that Henry George had demonstrated that fact. They had never seen common property in land in actual practice. But, knowing the theory to be correct, they knew it would work, and knew it as well as if they had actually witnessed a successful practical experiment. So Fairhope was founded to put into effect the principle through the medium of the single tax to whatever extent existing laws made possible. About all that existing laws permitted was the purchase of the site in the orthodox way, after which the purchasers might dispose of the land as they saw fit.

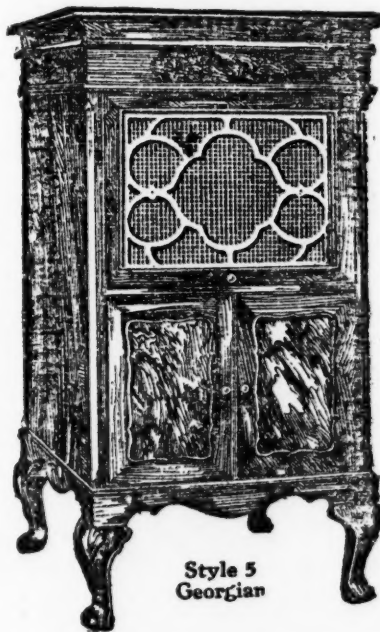
Having very little money, the pioneers of Fairhope were compelled to select their site in a place where land was cheap; that is, where there was so little to attract population that the owners realized the impossibility of getting a big price. So it happened that Baldwin county, Alabama, was selected. Several hundred acres were obtained for less than \$500, from which it is evident that the land was practically valueless, the purchase price being almost entirely as great a speculative amount as the owner felt safe to ask. Having obtained possession, the purchasers formed a corporation to which the land was deeded in trust. The corporation is required to perform a duty properly belonging to the state, but which the state refuses to recognize. It collects from settlers

on the land the rental value of their plots, as any other landlord. But unlike other landlords it does not put the money into its own till or the pockets of the individual stockholders. It puts it into the public treasury to be used for public purposes. The first use of the money is to right a wrong that the state habitually commits against all who perform useful services. This wrong takes the form of taxes levied on labor and labor products. Though authorized by law these taxes are morally the same as robbery. Since what a man produces by his own labor is his own, the forcible taking of any part, whether by state or individuals, constitutes violation of a just property right. Moreover taxation of labor discourages production. So, wisely as well as justly, the corporation refunds, out of its ground rents, to those dwelling upon its lands all that state and county governments have exacted in the form of taxes on personal property and improvements. Whatever is left is used for local communal purposes.

Fairhope has grown to be a village with a permanent population of 800, swelled at times by visitors to three or four times that number. It has many handsome residences and a creditable

lot of business houses. The difference in its appearance from that of the average southern country village is noticeable at once. Its gardens and orchards are a delight to behold. It is truly a village of homes, wherein the homeseeker is not compelled first to make terms with a speculator for his site, and later submit to taxation on his improvements and household goods. It is a practical example of the fallacy of the contention that private ownership of land is essential to home-owning. It offers concrete proof that the reverse is the case.

The site of Fairhope has been in-



Style 5
Georgian

The CHENEY PHONOGRAPH

*Hear the
Cheney Before
You Buy*

COME and listen—pass judgment. You will find the Cheney wonderfully sweet and mellow in tone, marvelously faithful in reproduction.

For the Cheney utilizes new principles in acoustic science—in part it employs the basic idea of the pipe organ, modified by a tone amplification system which is far superior to the old "megaphone" method.

You hear no "needle scratch," no unmusical sounds—only the pure tones which the artist put into the record. The fidelity of the reproduction is astonishing.

The distinctive features which give the Cheney such tonal superiority are patented, and found only in the Cheney.

Cheney Cabinets are masterpieces of period design—they fittingly enshrine the superior Cheney tonal system.

Music Salon—Sixth Floor

FAMOUS-BARR CO.

The St. Louis Home of the Chickering Piano and the Chickering Ampico.

creased through purchase and gifts of land until at present it contains about 4,000 acres. Most of these have been leased and while any remains untaken will be a check to the activity of land speculators in the neighborhood. There is no good reason why anyone who wants land to use should pay a speculative price to an individual when he can lease from the Fairhope Single Tax Corporation on terms that will ensure possession as well as practical exemption from state and local taxation. But with the site once all taken escape from exactions of the land profiteer will be shut off. Baldwin county's speculators are licking their lips in anticipation. The duty of the state to apply the single

tax is plain. But Alabama legislators have poor vision.

A fine concrete example of the advantage of the Fairhope plan is afforded by a thrifty farmer who owns 100 acres immediately adjoining Fairhope. The land is well under cultivation, and the farmer has rented a tract besides from Fairhope. Now a farmer needs a house to live in and barns to store his product. Did this farmer build on his private land where, according to orthodox economists and plutocratic editors, his ownership was a stimulus to improvement? He did not. Instead he spent \$2,000 in building on his leased Fairhope land. He preferred to build where his improvements are exempt from taxation and

where his possession is as secure as under private ownership.

"But Fairhope ought to give lessees the option of purchase or renting" is a complaint that some unthinking ones have made. To these the secretary of the corporation, E. B. Gaston, has a conclusive reply, "We do give that option. They may rent Fairhope land or buy land outside the corporation limits." Judging from the way preference is given to the leasing proposition there is little room for difference of opinion as to which method appeals most strongly to those with opportunity to make practical comparisons of both.

This does not mean that all is perfect in Fairhope. Far from it. But wherever

one may pick a flaw, the cause of it will be found in departures from the single tax principle, especially those that cannot be avoided under existing laws.

Fairhope is proving to be more and more an asset to the single tax movement, and that is but another way of calling it an asset to humanity.

♦♦♦

A Radical's Reaction

I have always classed myself as a radical. I have been ever mindful of the wise man's advice to the student, to be radical while he was young, for then his chance of seeing the world grow up to him before he died would be good; whereas, if he was not radical in youth, he would spend the rest of his life seeing the world grow away from him. I have always felt confident that I was abreast of my time, possibly a step or two in advance, and I have looked with a certain gentle condescension upon those who have ignored wisdom and accepted their birthright of conservatism without struggle or protest. I have always belonged to radical organizations and contributed to radical causes. I have argued the beauties of socialism; I have been complaisant about anarchism, philosophically administered, the dynamite carefully left out; I have made scathing remarks about Capital; I have felt a warm distaste for the selfish rich who grind the faces of the poor. I have pointed morals, using as my text the possession of great country estates and many automobiles, always excepting the Ford. I have fought for the downtrodden servant-class; I have made 'waiting on yourself' a tenet of my democracy; I have been with those who scorned palliatives, who would strike at the root of society's ills, who would not hesitate to tear the world to pieces and build it anew. I envisaged this world we radicals could construct, the true *internationale*, with race-hatreds obliterated, economic inequalities forever adjusted, love and peace assured to all mankind. It was a happy life of blithe denunciation, clear-cut theories, a pleasant sense of moral if not actual leadership, and no undue upheaval to upset my equilibrium.

And now what has happened? The new order is upon us, but where is my eager, welcoming spirit? I feel as if there were a pistol at my head and I were asked to stand and deliver. I fumble feverishly for my remembered treasures, but everywhere find only emptiness. The walls of my faith are falling in upon me, like a house built of cards.

Who am I that called himself a radical? Do I embrace Bolshevism? Not at all! My moral nature see it as cruelty and selfishness, the old rule of force in new hands. My intelligence says that the scheme is too simple for the complexities of human nature. To take from him that hath and give to him that hath not may be all very well as far as it goes; but when you have done that, how much further along are you? I do not see, as in happier days I might, a new truth obscured by the present bloodshed and misery. I see only a great people led astray, the return to just living a path of tragic expiation.

610-612
Washington
Avenue

Sonnenfeld's
L. ACKERMAN, Manager.

Charges Placed
on December
Statements

St. Louis' Foremost Display of Fashionable

Fur Fabric Coats

St. Louis' Foremost Values!



If a real fur coat is a trifle beyond your means, there's consolation to be found in the beauty and serviceability of a coat of fur fabric.

It will closely approximate genuine fur in appearance and texture, give long, hard wear, and its cost is but trifling, comparatively.

*Many ultra stylish models on
sale at each customary
price from*

\$35 to \$125

Each garment a superior value due to early buying and close pricing—whether you are attracted by a model of

*Baffin Seal
Yukon Seal*

*Beaver Plush
Mole Plush*

Caracul Plush

When I turn from that picture of suffering to the easy assurance of the suffragettes of England, who are endeavoring to introduce a soviet form of government into their native land, I have a feeling of consternation. I do not say it aloud, but I wonder whether a thing, just because it is new, is better than that which is old. If we could give the old a new name, it might help. Advertisers do it with breakfast foods and cigars, to the satisfaction of the consumer. He gets the novelty of a new expectation, with all the excellent qualities of the original article, and the world is happier thereby. Like a coward, I also wonder if it is necessary for all the changes to be made at once. Replacing old parts with new might be easier to bear than installing an entire new engine, especially when we are navigating through air which is full of holes.

I like to have the workingman receive as large wages as the industry can bear, but I am not so harsh in my judgment of Capital as I once was. During the war I saved what I could and bought bonds, Liberty and otherwise, and I find I do not regard the money-power entirely in the abstract as I once did. I cannot help wondering about my own little dividends, surely innocently enough acquired through long practice in self-denial, and hoping that they will not be jeopardized by all the labor upheaval. I even find myself thinking that violence and lawlessness are not the perquisites of Capital alone; that Labor is sometimes selfish and unreasonable; that sympathetic strikes are not necessarily altruism, but may sometimes be shocking breaches of faith; and—concession fatal to the spirit of the reformer—that there are two sides to every question. I have always believed in organized labor, as must the mildest of radicals, but I cannot quite reconcile myself to the police joining the national group. Of course, class loyalties are good and necessary, just as are family loyalties, but I wonder apologetically whether there are not impersonal loyalties which are of a still higher order. Our police are men of dignity and worth, but should we be justified in expecting that many human beings, in the presence of divided loyalties, could be like that Brutus of old who unfalteringly condemned his own son to death?

The idea of railroad ownership of the government (I started to write it the other way round, but perhaps this does fuller justice to the plan) I have applauded in my younger days. But now, baldly demanded, a threat attached to the proposal, no coating of idealism to sweeten the bolus, its very advocates hardly troubling to veil the crudity of its selfishness, the whole scheme leaves me cold. Not many years ago I should have said lightheartedly, 'On with the great experiment; let joy be unconfined.' But not now.

Is it age, or the weariness produced by the anxious years of the war? or is it that, when it comes to the real test, I am afraid of the new, of the untried? Am I, after all, only a conservator of the past, one of those obstructionists who are the despair of the young reformer? Am I a stand-patter—a crea-

ture who has always figured in my imagination as a donkey with his ears back and his feet firmly embedded in the earth?

It is a painful thought to me to contemplate changing sides and sitting on the benches of the opposition. There is cold comfort in being the tail of the kite, even though recognizing that the tail is as essential as the kite. I try to stiffen my faith in myself by saying that not every change is progress, and that restlessness is not necessarily aspiration. But why should I not frankly acknowledge that I am middle-aged, and that my reaction is a biological necessity? Youth is always for change for its own sake; and is not age, with diminishing vision, halting step, and blunted hearing, reluctant to stumble to its eternal rest in a world whose furniture has been hastily rearranged by restless youth? Or must I agree with the unfaltering extremist, — whom neither life nor experience changes,—that I was never anything but a parlor radical?

—From the November Atlantic's Contributors' Club.



The Lackland Specialty Shop

St. Louisans who were of the younger set a half generation ago and made Plows' their after-the-theatre rendezvous will recall the charm of that place aside from the excellence of its refreshment. Some of them, though perhaps not all, knew that the source of this charm was the manager—gracious, efficient, unobtrusive Miss Burgh. Plows' long since has been supplanted by other *partisserie*, but Miss Burgh—or Josephine Burgh Lackland, to be exact—now returns to dispense again a bit of that same hospitality and cheer at 416 North Euclid avenue.

Her first intent was to fit up one of those elegant tea shops for which England is famous, with American improvements of course, serving tea and cinnamon toast, tea and wafers or home-made cakes or delicious sandwiches, together with candies and sweets of all kinds. But her plans widened in scope until at the present time though scarcely established her proposed afternoon tea room has become a specialty shop with such demand for the beautiful and unusual wares that the tea section must wait until after Christmas for its inauguration. Candies she has—Plows' from Chicago, and the celebrated Mailard from New York. Home-made jellies and marmalades, with a promise of cakes in fancy boxes for the holiday trade; dainty baskets of sweets and baskets of toys for the children; for-a-good-child clocks and cunning bathtub toys; latest Paris fashions in doll clothes and trunks elaborately equipped for doll-belles; fly swatters robbed of their hideousness if not their deadliness by deft needlework; exquisite silk lampshades soft, fluffy cushions; silken lingerie; a firescreen of the days of our grandmothers' girlhood; antique chairs, desks and tables—in fact, the innumerable luxuries, comforts and necessities that a woman wants or needs comprise the wares of the Lackland Specialty Shop. A visit of inspection will prove enjoyable.

Central National Bank

SEVENTH AND OLIVE STREETS

Capital \$1,000,000 Deposits \$17,000,000

COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts and Time Certificates of Deposits

Bevo is a part
of the game >>
it makes good
sportsmen and
more enjoyable
sport >>> good
fellowship, health
and refreshment
>> best to train
on and gain on.

Bevo
THE BEVERAGE

The all-year-round soft drink

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS

Sold everywhere—
families supplied by
grocer druggist and
dealer—Visitors are
cordially invited to
inspect our plant.



Upon request we will mail you Our Booklet entitled

"How to Invest Your Monthly Savings in Bonds"

LORENZO E. ANDERSON & CO.

310 N. EIGHTH STREET

BOND DEPARTMENT

**Service
to you is
what
counts**

IT is service to you that counts—understanding of your particular needs, courtesy and liberal treatment day after day, not when we are ready to give it, but when you are ready to ask it.

Whether your balances are large or small, this organization can give you a distinctly personalized financial service. It is confidence in our ability to do this that makes us ask for your account.

Mississippi Valley Trust Co.
Saint Louis

**Ask Your
Lawyer to Specify
The Mercantile Trust Company**

WHEN drawing your will, the question of an Executor demands careful consideration. When you name this Company as Executor, the affairs of your estate are under the direct supervision of trained experts, with the additional protection afforded by the State Bank Examiners and the U. S. Federal Reserve System. All securities, deeds and other papers will be placed in a special compartment in our Trust Vault, and the bookkeeping will be done by our expert accountants. We have all the facilities and specialized knowledge necessary to handle your estate to best advantage. We take exactly the same care of a small estate that we do of a large one.

We will be glad to confer with you and your lawyer, giving suggestions and advice in this important matter.

Mercantile Trust Company

Member Federal
Reserve System



U. S. Government
Protection

EIGHTH AND LOCUST

—TO ST. CHARLES

Marts and Money

Despite the coal strike and higher interest rates for call loans, New York Stock Exchange quotations show surprising resiliency. Virtually all the popular industrial issues registered sharp advances in the past few days. Subsequent selling for both accounts caused only moderate reactions.

Republic Iron & Steel common drew special attention by advancing to 143 $\frac{3}{8}$, the highest price on record. The upward movement was attended by various more or less interesting rumors. None of them were given more than cursory attention, the concomitant sharp bulges in U. S. Steel, Midvale, and Bethlehem Steel notwithstanding. Last May Republic Steel common could be bought at 80 $\frac{1}{2}$.

U. S. Steel common is priced at 110 $\frac{3}{4}$ at this moment. This contrasts with a recent high point of 115 $\frac{1}{2}$. The quarterly report of the corporation was received favorably. It disclosed net earnings of \$40,177,232 for the three months ended September 30. This is only about \$3,000,000 under the corresponding record in 1918. The surplus, after deduction of preferred and common dividends, was \$11,105,167, equal to \$3.43 on the \$508,000,000 common stock. On September 30 the total of unfilled orders was 6,284,638 tons, against 4,892,000 tons on June 30.

Pessimistic predictions with reference to the nation-wide coal strike have thus far been viewed with comparative indifference. There appears to be no real fear of subversive developments in any part of the nation. It is understood, of course, that the temporary suspension of operations on the part of many prominent producing corporations will lead to considerable shrinkage in the products of manufacturing concerns. The widespread unrest among workers must make a disagreeable impression, however, on every thoughtful observer. Speculative purchasers of volatile issues should recognize the necessity of using more than ordinary caution until the labor situation approaches an encouraging degree of stability.

The demand for optional loans was unusually brisk lately, and resulted in an advance to 19 per cent in the interest rate, or to within one per cent of the maximum since January 1. The tightening was partly the outgrowth of heavy October 1 disbursements. At the same time it anticipated various important financial deals between the present date and December 31.

On November 1 \$150,000,000 in British notes will mature. In all probability the bankers will arrange refunding terms. Owing to increased shipments of money from interior cities, a more pronounced stringency is not looked for among informed observers.

The price of silver rose to \$1.28 per ounce a few days ago, or within a cent of the point where the metal would be on a parity with gold. More than thirty years have rolled by since the ounce value of silver was equal to that of gold. From all parts of Europe come reports of growing scarcity of silver and grave deficiencies in metallic reserves. The Oriental countries still are eager buyers of the white metal. Considering the decreasing output in the United States, Mexico, and other leading pro-

ducing countries, it is within reason to expect additional advances in the quotation. Prior to the revolution, Mexico was the principal contributor to the world's stock of silver.

During September the country has witnessed substantial expansion in bank credit. According to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, "the loans, discounts and investments of the New York clearing-house institutions twice exceeded previous high records. At the same time, the holdings of U. S. war securities and loans on Government collateral heavily declined. Thus the slack created by liquidation of war obligations has been more than taken up by commercial and particularly Stock Exchange loans." It should be noted, incidentally, that in recent months there has been a general disposition among banks to distribute rather than to hold their certificates of indebtedness. On September 30, the latest date for which figures are available, the total amount of certificates outstanding in the country was \$3,755,000,000, and it is estimated from figures submitted by nearly eight hundred institutions which report weekly that the aggregate amount of certificates held by all banks in the United States was well under \$2,000,000,000.

Concerning the stock market, we are told that prices seem to have moved in recent weeks according to the rules of speculation rather than of investment. "Purchasers appear to have been guided by matters of expectation rather than by performances in the way of earnings and dividends."

The main feature of the foreign exchange market is the rising tendency in Italian bills, which are now quoted at 10.80, a new absolute minimum. Prior to the war the American dollar commanded only 5.18 lire. Bills on Paris are held at 8.82 francs, which is close to the lowest on record, established a week or two ago. It is increasingly brought home to prominent financiers that adoption of effective measures in behalf of adequate correction of foreign exchange rates cannot much longer be delayed without highly injurious consequences to international commerce.

Demand sterling is quoted at \$4.16. It is feared that the rate may yet fall to \$4 at an early date, the financial state of things in Great Britain being more precarious than financiers are inclined to admit. Remarks lately made by members of the British Government were pregnant with sinister significance. The reserve ratio of the Bank of England remains near the lowest level on record.

From Berlin comes the strange news that the volume of trading on the Stock Exchange in that city is unprecedented.

✦

Finance in St. Louis.

On the local bourse business continues surprisingly active. The leading feature of interest in the past few days was National Candy common, which advanced to 160, the highest price on record. The steady buying of this stock incites much comment among the brokerage fraternity. Among other especially active issues are Fulton Iron Works common, now quoted at 71, Hydraulic-Press Brick common, and Indianahoma Refining. Eight thousand dollars of St. Louis Brewing Association 6s sold at

75, which compares with a low notch of 62½ in 1918. The general state of affairs, so far as desirable securities are concerned, is regarded as encouraging extensive labor troubles notwithstanding. At the banks and trust companies loans are made at 5½ to 6 per cent.

Local Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	135
Mercantile Trust.....	365
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	295
United Railways 4s.....	54	54½
Certain-tyed com.....	46
Indianapolis Refg.....	11¼	11½
Mo. Portland Cement.....	86
International Shoe com.....	147½	149
Brown Shoe com.....	107½	108½
do pfd.....	98	100
St. Louis Screw.....	200
Hydraulic-P. Brk com.....	9¾	10
do pfd.....	48	48½
Marland Refg.....	7½	7¾
National Candy com.....	153	154½
Wagner Electric.....	175	179½

Answers to Inquiries

G. W. R., Indianapolis, Ind.—The present quotation for Kennecott Copper, 32¾, doesn't appear high, though the annual dividend is only \$2. Stock sold at 43½ last July. The farther outlook so far as the copper trade is concerned, may be regarded as lending support to hopes of important advances in this class of shares after the turn of the year. In 1916, Kennecott sold as high as 64¼. I recommend retention of certificate.

READER, St. Louis—American Can common is more of a speculation than an investment, though it is the prevalent belief in Wall Street that dividend payments will be initiated some time in 1920. Much of the stock has been absorbed in recent months by cash buyers. The current price is 63¼, or within about five points of the absolute high record set in 1915—68½. The company is in good condition financially and ably and progressively managed. At the end of 1918 the surplus was \$3,114,496, while profit and loss surplus stood at \$19,536,401.

W. Y. O'D., Atchison, Kan.—Gaston, Williams & Wigmore is a speculation, not a real investment. It possesses attractive speculative qualities. The passing of the dividend of 50 cents quarterly is explained by the official statement that earnings had become impaired by the adverse exchange situation and foreign shipping difficulties. The ruling price is 26¼, as against 38¾ a few months back. If you bought at 34½, you should hold the stock, because you will be given a chance to liquidate at a better level by and by.

QUESTION, Temple, Tex.—(1) Wayne Coal has been fairly active for some time on the New York curb. The prevailing price (5) appears reasonable, the company being a large producer in Ohio and Pennsylvania and in satisfactory financial and physical condition. The coal strike is not likely to reduce the stock's value in important degree. (2) Illinois Central is a desirable investment, and not overvalued at 91, the current figure.

D. C. W., Cleveland, O.—(1) International Nickel is purely speculative under existing conditions, the stock being among non-dividend payers. The recent high price of 33¾ is not likely to be reached again at an early date, though there can be no doubt that the company will do a big business after foreign exchanges have been rectified to a considerable extent. (2) The Swiss Government 5½ per cent bonds of 1929 are a good investment and not too high at 93. There's no danger of serious depreciation.

Debated Currency

A British hero limped into the post-office to lift his weekly 24s. 9d. awarded him by his grateful country to be squandered on washing and lodgings and food and clothing. The polite assistant postmistress apologized as she offered two crumpled and filthy 10s notes: "I am sorry that I haven't clean ones to give you." "Hand them over," said the bold Bill. "I don't mind; no microbe could live on my pension."

Coming Shows

Twenty young Chinese from San Francisco's Chinatown will render the latest 1919 jazz music at the Orpheum next week. Also that cleverly crazy couple, Montgomery and Allen, will appear with a new line of foolishness and patter. Other numbers will be Vernon Stiles, dramatic tenor; Dainty Marie, the "Venus of the Air;" Lloyd and Wells, with plantation melodies; Langdon, Rose and Cecil in "Johnny's New Car;" Hope and Dutton, versatile entertainers; and the three Jahns, equilibrists.

Delightful songs and dances are but incidents of "Going Up," a romantic comedy coming to the American next Sunday night. It is a Cohan and Harris production, rich in spectacular features and with a chorus above the average. The hero, played by Raymond Crane, is a popular young author who while visiting at a hotel in the Berkshires is hailed as the daring aviator who made a flight described in one of his novels. He is challenged by a French flyer also visiting at the hotel, and the hero's humorous adventures before he wins the flight—and of course the girl—keep the audience in a state of laughter.

Louise Allen is coming! That will be glad news to the many St. Louisans who grew to regard her as a friend during the two years she played at the Park theatre here. Billy Kent is coming, too. They are prominently cast in "Somebody's Sweetheart," the Hammerstein musical comedy which will play at the Shubert-Jefferson next week beginning Sunday evening. It has had a year in New York and three months in Chicago, but in the St. Louis theatrical field, well—better late than never. The book and lyrics are by Alonzo Price and the music by Antonio Bafunno of our city. The setting is in modern Spain and is unique in the absence of the terrors and guitarists usually associated with a Spanish theatrical production.

Joe Hurtig's "Social Maids" invite burlesque patrons to the Gayety theatre next week to assist in the search for an elusive pair of diamond buckled garters which have been stolen. They promise that the search will prove a source of laughter and fun. In the cast are Ina Hayward, Bluch Landolf, Ben Small, Alfred Loraine, Frank Bud Williamson, Grace Fletcher and Justin Gray, and a chorus of beautiful girls. Lulu Coates and her "Three Crackerjacks" will offer an unusual dancing specialty.

The incomparable Fred Zoebadie will lead the bill at the Columbia the last half of the current week with his customary versatile repertoire. Second in importance will be the Sorrento Quintette with their musical offering called "A Neapolitan Fantasy." Beck and Stone, terpsichorean stars, will render new song and dance numbers. Another good singing and dancing act will be that of Dave and Lillian, a young colored couple. There will be several other good numbers in addition to the feature picture—Elaine Hammerstein in "Our Country Cousin."

One on Doc

A woman recently received a notice from the medical inspector of a certain school that "after careful examination it develops that your small son's tonsils are infected and must be removed at once." To which she made reply: "Dear Doctor—I have received your note in regard to the removal of my young son's tonsils, which action, I gather, must be taken immediately. I assure you that I am ready and eager to follow your advice, and would do so instantly but for the fact that you have neglected to state where you wish them removed to. The tonsils you speak of are now, I believe, in a bottle in Dr. Blank's office, have been held in trust by him for me since the spring of 1915. Do you wish them removed to the school building, or your office, or elsewhere? Yours very truly, Mrs. J. B."

"Now, Ezra, you be mighty keeful when you get tew the city. The papers is all the time tellin' of men bein' arrested fur bein' drunk and disorderly. I know you never tech a drop of licker, but you do be powerful disorderly."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

AMERICAN

COHAN AND HARRIS' AVIATION MUSIC-PLAY

FIRST TIME IN ST. LOUIS

WEEK OF SUNDAY Nov. 9 Matinees Wed. & Sat.

GOING UP

THIS WEEK—LISTEN LESTER

SHUBERT-JEFFERSON St. Louis' Leading PLAY HOUSE

WEEK BEGINNING

SUNDAY NOV. 9

SEATS THURSDAY

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN Presents a Musical Play—Different

SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART

With a Notable Cast, Including Billy Kent, Louise Allen and a Bouquet of American Beauties—Coming Here Direct From the Shubert-Garrick Theatre in Chicago, After One Entire Season in New York.

MATS. Tuesday (Peace Day) and SAT, 50c to \$1.50. NIGHTS, 50c to \$2.00. Seats Also at Conroy's, 1100 Olive Street.

Orpheum

THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE

2:15 TWICE DAILY 8:15

Matinees 15c to 50c Evenings 25c to \$1

MME. OLGA PETROVA (HERSELF)

SHEILA TERRY & CO.

BOSTOCK'S RIDING SCHOOL

Ben K. Benny Hudler, Stein & Phillips Clinton Sisters Duffy & Caldwell Samsted & Marion

Gayety Theatre TWO SHOWS DAILY 14th and Locust

THIS WEEK

ABE REYNOLDS' REVUE

Next Week—SOCIAL MAIDS

The New Columbia THEATRE BEAUTIFUL 11 a. m.—Close—less—11 p. m.

PRICES, 15c and 25c

VODVIL AND PICTURES

Five Big Acts

Latest Features

STANDARD THEATRE SEVENTH and WALNUT

TWO SHOWS DAILY—2:15 AND 8:15

THIS WEEK—THE BLUE BIRDS

Next Week—SLIDING BILLY WATSON

COLISEUM—3:15 P. M.—NEXT SUNDAY

POP CONCERT

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra

81 Musicians

Max Zach, Conductor

FRANCESCA PERALTA

Favorite Operatic Soprano, Soloist

Main floor 50c; First balcony 25c; Second balcony 15c; Box Seats \$1.00. No War Tax. Seats not reserved. First come—first served. Secure tickets in advance at Kieselhorst's, 1007 Olive Street

Season Tickets \$11.00 to \$20.00

For the fifteen Friday afternoon or fifteen Saturday evening concerts, now on sale at 210 University Club Bldg. Call and select seats or make reservations by phoning Lindell 2907 or Delmar 1567.

Rupture Cured

Without OPERATION

For the past 26 YEARS, Dr. Wm. A. Lewin of St. Louis has devoted his entire practice to the cure of Rupture without surgical operation. He has cured people from all parts of the United States. His wide experience gives him accurate knowledge which completely insures successful treatment. Many of your neighbors have been cured by him.

Why don't you investigate and save yourself all this suffering and danger?

REFERENCES

Following are names of a few patients, many of these having been cured from five to twenty years:

ST. LOUIS

Hy. Molitor, Grocer, 2161 Farrar; cured in 1894.
J. P. Gemmer, Firearms, 817 N. Eighth; cured in 1896.
Louis Sehr, Blacksmith, 3214 Meramec; cured in 1897.
W. J. Horn, Olympic Theatre; cured in 1897.
H. C. Wohler, Grand Restaurant; cured in 1898.
Capt. Wm. Leyhe, Eagle Packet Co.; cured in 1899.
Sergt. F. McDowell, 4417 Garfield; cured in 1899.
Edwin L. Powers, 4239 Obear Ave.; cured in 1900.
Fred Beyer, Pianos, Seventeenth and Locust; cured in 1900.
Henri Hassell, 800 Russell Ave.; cured in 1900.
Hy. Scherf, Grand Ave.; cured in 1901.
Dr. H. W. Clausen, 2812 Meramec; cured in 1901.
Walter Westermeyer, 3615 Juniata St.; cured in 1901.
Wm. M. Gilster, Boatmen's Bank; cured in 1902.
Rich. Powers, 1708 N. Tenth St.; cured in 1902.
Dr. I. A. Bass, Dentist, 3808 Olive St.; cured in 1904.
Wm. Helmich, Helmich Bros., 212 Washington; cured in 1905.
Chas. Pigors, 4228 Warne; cured in 1905.
H. D. Weigle, Bank of Commerce; cured in 1905.
F. W. Hoffmann, Pres. Hoffmann Bros. Produce Co., 700 N. Second St.; cured in 1906.

Herman Diel, Carleton D. G. Co.; cured in 1905.
Sergt. Patrick E. Kennedy, 4449 Delmar; cured in 1906.
John Kennebeck, 1129 Newhouse; cured in 1906.
Wm. Langsdorf, 5794 Kingsbury; cured in 1906.
W. J. Matthews, 4158 Botanical Ave.; cured in 1906.
E. Dietrich, 4273 Olive, Art Dealer; cured in 1907.
Aug. Steinhilber, Pres. Niese Gro. Co.; cured in 1906.
Frank W. Weyler, Druggist, Thirty-ninth and McRee; cured in 1907.
Geo. A. Rubelman, 41 Lewis Pl.; cured in 1907.
Ruby Laventhal, Dry Goods, 2904 N. Newstead; cured in 1907.
John Ziegenhein, Sr., Livery and Undertaking, 2623 Cherokee St.; cured in 1908.
Jac. Rosenkranz, Supt. Champ Spring Co., 2117 Chouteau; cured in 1908.
Harry Schnurr, 1605 Market St.; cured in 1908.
Oscar Damm, Damm Brush Mfg. Co., 1215 Pine St.
P. T. Bolz, Pres. Bolz Cooperage Co., 7012 Washington Ave.
Chas. Wunderlich, Wunderlich Cooperage Co.
Frank Putnam, Editor, Jefferson Hotel.
Aug. Pick, Northwestern Bank.
J. M. Steffin, Shoes, 2025 Ann Ave.

Dr. Lewin makes the first examination without charge. Hours are 10 to 12 and 2 to 4, and by appointment.

Telephone Main 2817.

Call or Address

W.A. Lewin, M.D.

650 STAR BUILDING

12th & Olive

ST. LOUIS

Join
Nov. 2-11



and a



Offices for Rent in

SYNDICATE TRUST

—AND—

CENTURY BUILDINGS

The Best Equipped and Best Located Offices in the City

E. A. KENNEDY, Manager

Suite 908 Syndicate Trust Building Telephones: Main 1735, Central 377-R